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THE DIFFERENCE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

John has a manly form,
Well-borne, with a native grace;—
Fritz is of slender limb,
With a weak, insipid face.
But John wears a home-spun suit,
And homely his Sunday best,
While Fritz has a broadcloth coat
Each day, and a gaudy vest;—
So, though John is the honest coin,
It is Fritz that passes best.

John has a noble brow,
An eye that is piercing clear,
A heart that is tender and true,
Reproachless, and knowing no fear;
And Fritz is a debauchee—
His soul neither honest nor pure.
But Fritz is a wealthy fop,
And John unpretending and poor;
And so Fritz is "a love of a man,"
And John is "a rustic boor."

John has a well-stored mind;
He thinks deeply and carefully reads;
And Fritz has but little of sense—
Vain and shallow the life that he leads.
But John is but slow in his speech,
Though beneath it are thought's deepest springs;
He cannot, like Fritz, by the hour,
Glibly prate shallow, flattering things.
So the metal is judged to be best
That most noisily clatters and rings.

One best of John's manly heart
Any woman might justly prize.
More than all that Fritz could bestow,
With his flattering vows and sighs.
Then why do the maidens court Fritz,
And on John look so haughty and cold?
Why is John passed disdainfully by,
And Fritz so much sought and extolled?
Why?—John has but manhood and brains,
While Fritz, he has fashion and gold!

Buckland, Mc.

THE WHITE WOLF.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY J. WALKER MACBETH.

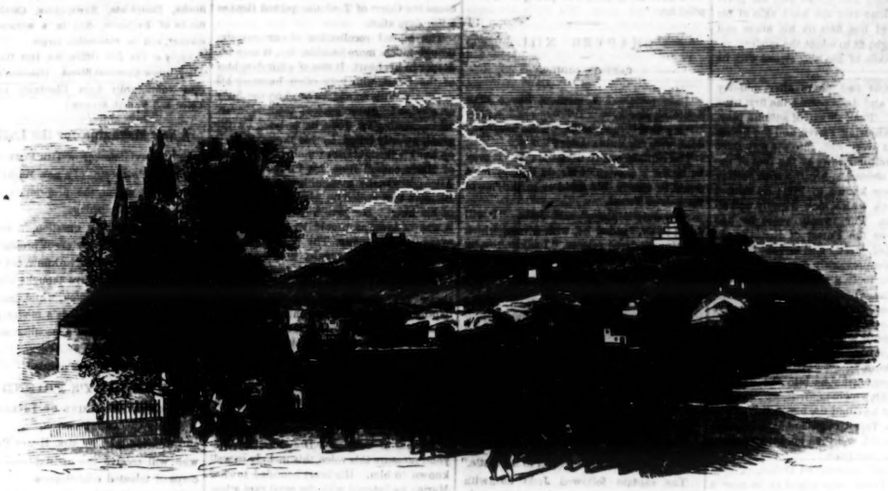
[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER X.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

The lapse of twenty years has rendered it impossible to recognize the personages of our story. The child has become a man; the man has grown old; the old man has ceased to live. But the good castle of Tremlays rises still, straight and stalwart, at the end of its long avenue of mighty oaks. If some trees have died in the forest, others have sprung up from the soil, and are spreading, full of sap, towards the glorious sun that fosters their arches of foliage. The Wolf-Den has preserved its sombre shades, and the hollow oak sustains valiantly the heavy burdens of its colossal branches. The mills totter, threatening ruin, as of old; and it is with difficulty we perceive that the lowly hut of Matthew Blanc has sunk away from the ground, so slight an item was it in the scene. As for the pond of Tremlays, there are still the same sleeping waters, the same crop of reeds under which whiten in the mud the bones of Job, the faithful dog of Nicholas Tremi.

We are in the autumn of 1740, and the evening falls, in the kitchen of Mr. Hervey de Vannoy of Tremlays, Lord of Bouexis



A POLISH SCENE.

Our engraving this week represents a body of Polish insurgents, armed as usual with the scythe. The landscape has a peculiar character, and is quite interesting.

Forest. This kitchen is a great square room, with four high windows. A large door of oak, ribbed with iron, opens its two folding doors exactly opposite a vast fire-place, whose mantelpiece in the style of a roof might have covered a reasonably numerous company. Five or six trunks of trees burned on the hearth, and mingled their red glare with the crackling light of two torches. On the massive table that occupied the middle of the apartment, a row of pitchers methodically placed in a line sent forth from foaming cider an odor very acceptable to the nostril. Several potatoes were roasting under the ashes, and half a dozen fitches of bacon hanging from a huge pot-hanger showed their rind covered with soot. We graciously spare the reader a catalogue of the stoves, saucepans, pot-ladles, porridge pots, &c., &c.

Twenty people are seated within the chimneypiece. The greater part are dependants or servants of De Vannoy; two or three are strangers, receiving the hospitality of the house. In the spirit of French gallantry let us speak first of the women. On yonder three-legged stool, and so near the fire that the toes of her woolen shoes are hid by the charcoal, is Dame Goton Rehou, the housekeeper of Tremlays. She has passed, if one is to believe the chronicles of the forest, a gay life of it; but that scandal referred to forty years ago, and at the present moment she smokes a short pipe, blackened by long use, with all the gravity that befits a matron of her importance. Near her, and farther withdrawn from the fire, sit the servants of the castle; the girl who has charge of the poultry yard; she who takes care of the pigeons; the milkmaid; nay even the chambermaid of Miss Alice de Vannoy. This last, no doubt, stoops a little to mix with such company, but one must pass away a heavy hour somehow, and Yvon, who has charge of the dogs, is universally admitted to be a handsome fellow.

On the other side of the chimneyplace are ranged the men and lads. First and foremost, Andrew, the keeper; Simonnet, the wine brewer; Corentin, the ploughman, and many others whom it would tire you to enumerate. Under the mantelpiece of the huge chimneyplace, and just opposite Dame Goton Rehou, is seated a man of the forest, a guest of Tremlays, for an hour or so. This person merits a fuller description. He is a charcoal-maker, as is plain to be seen. A thick coat of black covers his visage, and is rubbed off only at a few of the salient points of his face, as happens with a mask of bronze. His eyes, the lids of which are inflamed, seems to fear the ardent brilliancy of the fire, and are shaded by his big black hand. He is dressed like other people of the forest; a woolen cap, a very large waistcoat like a jacket, short trowsers, blue stockings, shoes with iron buckles. His size I would scarcely undertake to determine. Seated, he seems lowsized; but when he rises his long legs stretch him out all of a sudden. His make of body reveals more of suppleness than strength. As to his age, I find it hard to say. For fifteen years the charcoal-maker, Pelo Rouan, has been well-known in the forest. Such as he was when he came first, the same he seems to-day.

Our personages thus placed before you, let us listen to their conversation, for we have got much from home in this castle in which we have not set foot for twenty years. Renee, chambermaid to Miss Alice, talks in a low voice with Yvon, who is mending his whip; Andrew, the wood-keeper, is rubbing with oil the spring of his flint firelock. The conversation is by no means general. But six o'clock has struck on the cracked bell of the belfry. Old Simonnet has devoutly mumbled over the verses of the Angelus; silence is kept for some minutes, during which some have prayed, and others have made believe they were praying. When the silence had lasted long enough, Dame Goton made a last sign of the cross, and shook out with care the ashes of her pipe.

"The days are passing," quoth she. Everybody implicitly acknowledged the infinite justness of this observation. "By the end of the month," continued she, "we will have the torches lit by the time we recite the Angelus in the evening."

"Yes, that's so," put in Simonnet, and all of them repeated—

"The days are passing; that's so."

Dame Goton enjoyed for a moment the general approbation.

"Master Simonnet," continued she, "if you please do pass over the pitcher here; my tongue is parched, I declare."

In place of one, they passed round some ten, and everybody took a deep drink.

"Famous! exactly to my taste!" cried the old woman, licking her lips after her draught. "All I wish is this, that the cider of the coming autumn may be as good as this—is it not so?"

Here again was one of those remarks the truth of which is not doubtful. Every soul replied in the affirmative, and the brewer of the household took a second quaff to prove the sincerity of his opinion.

"As to what may fall out next year," said he, "one does not know what one does not know! Many a tree will die in the wood around us this autumn; and our master says that the time we are living in is full of danger."

Renee ceased her prattling with Yvon, and lifted her head with alarm.

"Is it because they fear an attack of the wolves?" she murmured.

At this question you might have seen the charcoalman half shut his eyes, and cast around him a stealthy look.

"The wolves," repeated Simonnet, striking the table with his fist. "If I were but in the skin of the lord lieutenant, folks would not fear them long, the cursed brigands. Only to think how they have burnt my good wine press at Bouexis in Forest."

"Stolen my cows," added the milkmaid.

"Laid waste my dog-kennel," said Yvon.

"Poached more game than master has killed in the chase for three years," cried the keeper.

"Killed my hens! Trampled on my ploughed fields! Broken my espaliers!" shouted in chorus the different functionaries of Tremlays. Dame Goton puffed away gravely at her pipe and said nothing. Pelo Rouan seemed to be asleep, with his back against the wall of the chimneyplace.—"Oh the cursed brigands," resumed the chorus; in the midst of which could be distinguished the soft voice of the chambermaid. Goton lit her pipe anew, and gave forth three redoubtable whiffs.

"Twenty years ago," said she, "the lord of Tremlays was called Nicholas Treml. Those whom you call wolves were lambs then. It is misery that sharpens their teeth."

A murmur of disapprobation followed these words.

"The Tremls were good masters," said Simonnet, with the same embarrassment which an old courtier would have in speaking of a deceased king in the midst of a new court; "that cannot be denied; but the Wolves are bandits, and it ill becomes you, dame Goton, to take their part."

An imperceptible smile curled the lip of Pelo Rouan. The old woman lifted her gray head not without dignity.

"Master Simonnet," replied she, "I do not defend Wolves, who are quite able to defend themselves. I tell you, they are Bretons; that's all; and that some folks are more valiant at the corner of the fire than in the woods."

The charcoal-maker's smile became more distinct; and the dependants of the castle remained abashed under this accusation of cowardice thrown in their faces.

"Wait a little," said Simonnet, at last, "a brave officer of the King's is soon to arrive from Paris, to take command of the Rennes police, and to protect the passage of the tax money through the forest. The villainous Wolves killed the last captain."

"Let the new one take care," interrupted Dame Goton.

"One would think you wish him ill," cried Renee, bitterly.

"My pretty dear," responded Goton, ironically, "I am an old woman, and I regret the old times. Reason the matter with Yvon; take my advice, and remind him that it would be well to utter a few words before Mr. Rector, in the parish church of Lidre."

Renee blushed scarlet, and said nothing. The conversation must die away, or change its subject. But Pelo Rouan, who had doubtless his reasons for it, rubbed his eyes like a man who wakes from sleep, and said,

"Did I dream, Master Simonnet? Did you not say that a new captain was coming to put the Wolves to sorts?—may Heaven confound them."

"I said so, my man, and it is true. While they only pillaged Mr. de Vannoy, the Court at Paris saw no harm in it; but the hardened brigands have gone, as everybody knows, to Rennes itself, to attack in open day, the house of the Intendant. They intercept the tax."

"What a loss!" interrupted the incorrigible Goton, with a sarcastic smile.

"Taey are a set of proud beggars," said Pelo Rouan, with simplicity; "but do you know when this officer of the King's will arrive, whom you speak of?"

"They expect him every hour, my man."

Pelo Rouan rose, took a pitcher which he carried to his lips, and said with a good nature, which Dame Goton alone thought had a touch of raillery in it:

"To the good health of the new captain."

"To his good health," replied the dependants of Tremlays.

CHAPTER XI.

BROOM-BLOSSOM.

Pelo Rouan before setting down his pitcher on the table, added, as a completion to his toast:

"And confusion to the White Wolf, and his wolf-cubs."

"Indeed, now!" said old Goton, when each had applauded this wish so charitable. "Pelo Rouan is a poor man of the forest; he has no little daring to curse the White Wolf aloud, who is strong, and who has a thousand arms to do his bidding. I wish no harm, though, to Pelo Rouan."

"Thanks, dame," said the man, slowly; "for my part, I wish you well."

A strange fellow this same Pelo Rouan. While he thus spoke, his gaze was fixed steadily on Goton, whilst the red line of his eyelids winked beneath the glare of the fire. There was in this look of his a gratitude greater, certainly, than was deserved by the remark of the housekeeper. In fact, as we may say once for all, most of the actions of this man were hard to explain. A close observer might have detected in him an advance slow and systematic towards some mysterious end; but quickly one lost trace of him, and espionage the most minute and the most persevering, would have been baffled by his conduct. Besides, nobody thought of acting the spy on him. What need of doing so? His frequent visits to the mansion of Vannoy, the personal and eager enemy of the Wolves, dissipated every idea of connivance on his part with these last; and such connivance alone could give any importance to a man placed so low in the social scale.

Fifteen years had passed since he came to settle in the Forest of Rennes. He had brought with him a little girl in the cradle. Solitary in his habits, and appearing to flee from the society of his equals, he had built him a narrow cabin in the most desert spot of the Forest, had hollowed out an oven under the ground, and then had gone to work as a charcoal-maker to support himself and his daughter.

Marie had almost reached woman's estate. As she grew up, she had become very beautiful, yet she knew it not. Many will allege that these last words contain a flagrant impossibility; nevertheless, we hold by them. Marie, the child of solitude, had not the hardihood which fears danger. The sight of man troubled and frightened her. When the hunting-horn rang in the quiet village, Marie, like the stag, concealed herself in the bushes. Never had one of the gallant gentry of the country been able to come near enough to her to call her darling, and to take her by the chin, as all the gentlemen have done from the most remote antiquity; never had she put up cheeses in a varnished basket to carry them to the castle; with apples, eggs, and cream; as is the established mode in our day at the Theatre Royal of the comic opera; she danced neither on the green, nor even under the hazel; in a word, she was not at all a rosy maiden of the style of Madame de Genlis, admiring her modest features in the crystal of the fountains; nor an intellectual miss of the school of Marmontel, reasoning about God, Nature, and so forth. She was a daughter of the forest; simple, pure, half-savage, but carrying in her bosom the germ of all that is noble, graceful, poetic and good. The usual expression of her face was an exquisite mingling of refined native-born elegance and exalted sensibility. She had large, blue eyes, pensive and sweet, the smile of which warmed the soul like a sunbeam. Her lily cheek was framed in by a double wave of golden ringlets, soft, flexible, elastic, which undulated at every movement of her head, and played on her shoulders, that were modestly covered. The shade of that hair of hers would have puzzled a painter, for the colors that human art can employ are utterly powerless to represent the wondrous delicacy of the work of God. This shade would have seemed dull in a picture; its white reflection would have clayed the eye; it would have formed no sufficient contrast to the whiteness of the skin; but this only proves that man has skill to steal only a small part of the palette of Heaven. Marie's hair, it was a peculiar charm in her; her features fine, but modelled hard, appeared sweetened and as it were veiled by this indecisive surcoat of lustre. The effect of this mystic cloud approached to that of the sparkling softness of those rays which the painters of the middle ages placed as a diadem around the divine forehead of the mother of the Saviour.

Marie, like her father, loved solitude. When she was not within the cottage, engaged in preparing the baskets of honeysuckles which Pelo sold in the markets of Saint-Aubin du-Cormier, she was straying, alone and in reverie, along the most secluded paths of the forest. Often the traveller paused to listen to a voice clear and angel-like, that was chanting the wail of Arthur of Brittany, of which we made mention in the first part of this narrative. Those who remembered poor John Blanc would have thought of him on hearing his favorite romance; the most of people would have relished the music without a thought of the Albino, for very many others than he repeated that refrain which hushes the children to sleep in their cradles in all the cottages of the country of Rennes. Then people heard Marie almost always as they heard the nightingale, without seeing her. As soon as she caught a glimpse of a stranger, her instinctive timidity gave wings to her feet. They saw the underwood shaken as by the passage of a fawn, but nothing more. She was alert and all life; you would have run long ere you could have made up to her. Yet a few had seen her, and the report of her unrivalled beauty was wide-spread in the district. Nobody knew her name, for Pelo Rouan stood no questioning, especially if it related to his daughter; and Marie made no reply if any one spoke to her. Because of this ignorance, and through a lingering influence of that chivalric poesy which has flourished so long in the land of Brittany, they chose, in designating her, the name of the most charming flowers. The young people of the forest spoke of her so much the more in proportion as her existence was more mysterious. In the long run, custom withered this garland of pretty names. One only remained, which bore an allusion to the color of her hair; they called her Broom-Blossom.

Pelo Rouan left his daughter entirely to her freedom, which she used as naturally as one breathes, without knowing that it could be otherwise ordered. Besides, the charcoal burner, even if he had wished it, could not have looked very attentively after the young girl, for he was frequently absent, and that for long periods. The reason of these absences was a secret even to Marie. Sometimes, for weeks, the furnace of Rouan was cold, but when he returned he worked doubly hard, and made up for lost time. No one was let into the cottage. People came in search of him now and again, in the night

tion. On these occasions, those who needed him, for objects which were sincere, knocked at the door in a peculiar way. He went out. Much accustomed to this arrangement, gave it no heed. But one day, in his absence, a stranger had crossed the threshold of the inhospitable cabin, a young and fine looking man, of whom Broom-Blossom had no fear. Her heart beat quick; a brilliant red took the place of the delicate complexion of her cheek; the paternal abode seemed of a sudden less smoky; the trees more green, the sky more radiant through the openings of the leafage. She felt a deeper, a richer life. After that day, her wanderings had an object; she met the beautiful stranger, who kissed her cheek and sat by her at the foot of an oak. The rockbuilts alone, or some spy of a fox, could have told what their long conversations were about; but La Fontaine was dead, and the beasts knew no longer how to talk. This went on for several months; then the stranger went off, leaving the remembrance of him in the depth of Marie's heart, which he had reverenced and kept pure as if he had been her brother. When he had gone, the people of the forest saw Broom-Blossom once more among the copses. She roamed at hazard, her head hanging, her eye dreamy, and sang in melancholy tones the wall of Arthur of Brittany. Pelo did not ask her the cause of her distress, for he had divined it.

However, the evening advanced in the kitchen of Tremlay's castle. After having given the toast which opens this chapter, Pelo took his stick, as he had told the old housekeeper he meant to do; but instead of going away, he shook his pipe slowly, and planted himself behind the fire, in front of Master Simonnet.

"Do you know his name?" said he, affecting indifference.

"Whose name?"

"The new captain's."

"Our master knows it, perhaps," replied Simonnet. "At all events, he ought to be a good servant of the King's. He is the chief."

"He will stay at the castle?"

"Or at the house of the Comptroller Royal of Taxes."

Pelo seemed to hesitate a moment before he put a new question. He restrained himself, and directed his steps to the door. Passing near Yvon, he stealthily squeezed his hand, and gave Corentin a meaning look.

"Good evening, Master Simonnet, and all the household," said he.

As he put his hand on the latch, a powerful stroke of the knocker sounded at the outer door. Pelo halted. Some minutes after, two men wrapped in mantles were introduced. The large brims of their hats concealed almost wholly their faces. However, at a movement which one of them made, the light of the fire partially lighted up his features. Pelo started at his aspect, and in place of going out, he slipped hastily into an embrasure.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE FOREST.

The new comers were both of them high of stature, and of robust appearance. He whose face Pelo Rouan had seen, was in all the vigor of youth, of a fine face, and admirably modelled. The other had under his hat gray hair, and more than sixty winters on his shoulders.

"Whoever you may be," said Simonnet, employing the worthy Armorican formula, "you are welcome. What do you wish?"

The younger threw his mantle off on his arm, and showed the uniform of a captain of cavalry of the criminal police. "I wish to speak with Mr. Hervey de Vannoy," he replied

"The new captain," whispered the servants.

Renee, the maid of Miss Alice, arranged immediately the folds of her robe; the other women, not so well up to things, satisfied themselves with blushing immoderately. As to Pelo Rouan, he gained the door noiselessly, after exchanging a second look of secret intelligence with Yvon and Corentin.

"Ah, it is he that is the new captain," he murmured slowly and with a pensive air. Then he buried himself in the paths of the forest.

Meanwhile Simonnet assumed a bearing grave and solemn, in order to act suitably his office of introducer, in the room of Master Allan, the major-domo, who had grown old and was usually asleep by this hour, filled with the fumes of brandy. He held his cap in his hand, and preceded the new comers into the reception-room, occupied by Vannoy and his family.

Whilst he traverses the vestibule and the great hall, let us go back a few hours and take up our two strangers at the moment when they are leaving the good city of Vitry, in order to enter the forest. Besides that this is an easy way of making their acquaintance, we will get on all the better with them, through stating a few incidents which it concerns us not to pass over in silence.

As the reader may have guessed, the elderly man with the gray beard fills the place of valet to the young captain. A man he was, this valet, of an honest and austere look; his form alone slightly bent, expressed fatigue or suffering; but his forehead was unwrinkled, and his serene look indicated the most perfect tranquillity of soul. As to the captain, there lurked under his slender moustache, blanched and turned up, a smile free from care and full of fastidiousness; in his eyes an indomitable hardihood; a frank gayety and cordial truthfulness and loyalty of spirit. You would have found with difficulty a form more elegant than his; a carriage more spirited on his good steed Isabelle, or a more gallant style of wearing his martial uniform. About twenty or twenty-seven he was. The valet was called Jude Loker; the master had only the name of Didier.

The good equerry of Nicholas Treml had changed but little during all these twenty years. Suffering had gilded over his heart as time had done over the hard skin of his face. He held him firm on his horse, and had not thought it to adopt the modern caper in the room of his long sword with its iron guard.

It was about two hours after mid-day when Didier and Jude passed the first trees of the forest. The pale sun of autumn played on the yellowing leaves, and the horses hoofs sunk at every step into the soft litter which November strews at the foot of the trees. Jude seemed to breathe with ecstasy an atmosphere known to him; he saluted each old trunk with a look friendly and almost son like. For twenty years he had not cast eye on the Forest of Rennes. As they proceeded, master and servant pursued a conversation previously commenced.

"He was in sooth a valiant old man, this same Nicholas Treml," cried Didier, interrupting a long narrative which Jude gave him; "I like his buffalo glove weighing a pound and more, and I would like to have seen the astonished look which the Regent must have worn."

"The Regent threw us into the Bastile," said Jude with a sigh.

"The least he could do, my man."

"Nicholas Treml, may God save his soul, was already old, and then he kept thinking of the boy all the time."

"What boy?" interrupted Didier.

"George Treml, who ought to be now a hardy soldier, if he has kept in his veins one drop of the good blood of his fathers."

The history grew tiresome. Didier yawned. Jude continued:

"He thought of the child, who was in the country without protector and without a stay. Old age and grief, these are too much when they come together, my young master. Nicholas Treml sunk into the earth, and left me little George as a legacy. That was three years ago."

"And what has become of this George?"

"God knows. For my part, I was set at liberty two years after my master's death. I was penniless, and if Providence had not thrown me in your way at the moment when you were in search of a valet for this journey, I know not how I could have got back to Brittany. My dear, my noble Brittany," repeated Jude, with tears of joy in his eyes.

Didier stopped and held out his hand to him.

"You have an honest heart, my man; I love you for your attachment to the memory of your old master, and for the love you have preserved for your country. If you wish, you will never leave me."

Jude touched the hand respectfully which the captain offered him.

"I would like it," murmured he, shaking his head; "on my word I would like it, for there is in you a something that reminds me of the frank loyalty of soul of the Tremla. But I am bound to the child, and I am a Breton. Have not you told me that you come to destroy the last remains of Breton resistance?"

"Yes, some hundreds of furious fools. When rebellion is so feeble, do you see, it turns into brigandage. I come to punish bandits."

Jude kept down a gesture of wrath.

"In my time," murmured he, "the gentlemen of the Breton Brotherhood did not deserve that name."

"It is true; those of whom you speak were no worse than obstinate maniacs. But the Breton brothers have become the wolves."

"The wolves," repeated Jude, not understanding.

"They have themselves chosen this savage nickname. It is not Brittany; it is the wolves that I come to fight against, by the King's order."

Jude probably was not at all convinced by this subtle distinction, for he limited himself to replying:—

"I do not know what the wolves are after, but they are Bretons and you are French."

"Say no more about it," cried the captain gayly. "As to the point of whether I am French or not, that is more than I can tell you. Take a drink, my man."

He held his travelling flask to Jude, who this time had no objections, and helped himself.

"And now," said the captain, "let us consider where we are. Here is a path which ought to lead us to Saint Aubin-du Cormier."

"That is my route," replied Jude, "and we must part here, for you go to Rennes, I think."

"I go to Castle Tremlaya."

Jude started; then he thought awhile.

"You have been already in this country," said he, after a short silence; "for you know it as well as I do; perhaps this is not the first time you have been at Tremlay's Castle?"

"Perhaps," repeated the captain, who seemed to wish to avoid a more distinct reply.

"If you have been there," continued Jude, with extreme curiosity, "you must have seen a young man—a handsome youth—the heir of these noble domains; the only scion of a race which is as old as Brittany."

"What do you call him?"

"George Treml."

It was the captain's turn to be astonished. For the first time he compared the name of Treml with that of the castle, and he now understood that the old gentleman whose sad story he had just been listening to, was the old lord of Tremlays.

"I have never seen the young man," replied he.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAPTAIN DIDIER.

Jude remained a moment like a man lightning struck.

"My God!" thought he, "what have they done with our little master?"

The captain was in deep thought. It may be he knew enough of Mr. de Vannoy for a doubt to rise in his mind as to the fate of the heir of Treml.

"My duty is plain," said Jude. "I will fulfil it, sir," added he, with a voice which emotion rendered solemn, "I adjure you, by your title of gentleman, to give me your help."

A sad smile came to the captain's lip. "Gentleman!"

"By your mother!" Jude continued.

"My mother!" said the captain again. "Come, my man, you mistake. Why do you talk to me of titles and of mother? But I am an officer of the King's; that is as good as nobility; you shall have my aid."

"Thanks! thanks!" cried Jude. "In return, for my part, I am yours, sir; yours with all my heart, and as far as you choose. Meanwhile, you must turn a little from your path. We will return together to the castle."

The captain followed Jude forthwith. They went for a quarter of an hour on the road that leads to the town of Saint-Aubin-du-Cormier; then Jude, turning to the left, dived suddenly into a close thicket. At the end of a hundred paces, Didier stopped his horse.

"Where are you leading me?"

"To the spot where Nicholas Treml, my master, setting out for the court of Paris, buried the hope and the fortune of his race."

"Then you have vast confidence in me?" Jude hesitated a moment.

"I would trust my life to you," said he at length, "but the treasure of Treml is not mine. You are right. It is better that I alone keep this secret."

"And it is better, too, that I do not go too far into this thick wood, beyond which is the retreat of the wolves. They might bite me, my man. Go, you will find me here."

Jude dismounted, and went on foot into the deep thicket where we once saw Nicholas Treml take his way, when he carried in his pocket the deed signed by his cousin Hervey de Vannoy. Left alone, the young captain sprang to the ground, stretched him on the sward, and gave way to reverie. His meditations were sweet. A soldier of fortune, and having obtained, merit aiding him, a situation which his equals attain not till they see their moustache whiten, and their hair fall, he saw before him a brilliant future. His mission in Brittany was not unimportant, and he hoped to reduce easily this handful of men, intrepid, but simple and rude, who opposed the levying of the tax, molested the peaceful subjects of the King, and pushed their audacity so far as to lay hands on the funds of the government. Apart from this political interest, his arrival in the district of Rennes had for him a special charm which we will make no mystery of to our readers. It was not the first time he had come to Brittany. The preceding year he had passed six months at Rennes, in the quality of gentleman in the confidence of the Count of Toulouse, governor of the province, who after some time had made him enter a regiment of mounted police, where he obtained a captain's commission. Of fine aspect and bearing, of a loving heart, but somewhat inconstant and light, he had not wanted adventures in the Breton capital; a year rolled by; two remembrances remained with him; untainted ones. The first respected Miss Alice de Vannoy of Tremlays, noble and lovely being, whose charming visage was less perfect than her intellect; her intellect less valuable than her heart. Didier had seen her at the palace of the governor, who, during his abode in the province, held quite a court. He had loved her. Alice had taken no pains to conceal her inclination for him. Their attachment, never passing into any impropriety, had obtained in the eyes of the world a certain publicity. Mr. de Vannoy alone seemed not to perceive it, or voluntarily to favor it, which much surprised everybody. People knew that Vannoy had for the establishment of his only daughter the highest pretensions, aiming at nothing less than Mr. Becharnell, Marquis of Nointel, comptroller royal of taxes, one of the most opulent financiers then in Europe. Yet notwithstanding, Vannoy, who had at first viewed this young officer of fortune with quite especial disdain, was soon drawn to him, and showed him as much attention as he did to the heirs of the most powerful families. It may be mentioned that this change took place immediately after Vannoy had taken into his service a man named Lapierre, a footman of my lord the governor. It is not likely, though, that this little circumstance could have had any effect on the conduct of Tremlays. However this may be, one evening as Didier was going from the mansion of Vannoy, his heart running over with love-thoughts, he was attacked in the street by three men on foot who made at him rudely. He had only his ball-room sword by his side, but he put it to the best use he could, and the three assailants made nothing of it, save the blows they received. Didier, wounded, returned to the palace of the governor; the affair was not investigated, because the Court of Toulouse quitted Rennes a few days after.

The second recollection of our captain, though much more humble, lay, it may be, deeper in his heart. It was of a fair daughter of the forest, who very often haunted his dreams. With an angel's head on the body of a sylph! At the present moment, even, when, waiting for Jude, he is lying on the grass, sweetly lulled by his thoughts, it is on her his thoughts are running. The name of Marie chased from his lip the name of Alice; it was the graceful image of Broom-Blossom that smiled on him from the depth of his heart. He gave way to his reverie; it was of love, as should be the reverie of every gallant captain. The Wolves, the tax, the approaching struggle, nothing of all that, existed for him at that moment. "If but she would come," murmured he, as he threw his eager looks on the profound depths of the groves around. What was much more likely to come, was the ballot of a Wolf; for he had thrown his mantle under him, and the embroideries of his uniform shone forth unconcealed. But there is a God who befriends lovers. A voice sweet but still distant, seemed to reply to his aspirations. He listened eagerly. The voice approached. She was singing the complaint of Arthur of Brittany. Didier relished beyond measure this voice, this melody so well known to him. His heart bounded toward Marie; he listened with the most rapt attention. As the voice came nearer, the words grew more distinct. Broom Blossom sung that passage of the well-known plaint where Constance of Brittany begins to despair of the return of her unhappy son. Let us translate the provincialisms of the peasants of Ille and Vilaine. Marie thus sung:

She hoped, this poor mother,
Loaded with care;
Hope for her son's return,
Strove with despair.
Lo! all her soul she throws
Into her prayer:
"God, guard my boy's dear head
'Gainst every snare."
Ah, when the loved depart,
How absence rends the heart!"

The character of this ballad is of a melancholy so tender that the minstrel who recites it to a rustic audience is certain beforehand of the success of tears. It seemed that poor Marie referred to herself the meaning of the last two lines, for the song fell from her lips like a melodious sigh.

"Broom-Blossom!" cried Didier, incapable of restraining himself longer. She heard, and pierced the thicket at a bound. She saw nothing at first, so much were her eyes dimmed by emotion. Then, when she saw the captain at last, her knees bent beneath her; she sunk to the ground, lifting her large blue eyes to Heaven.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ There was a rain of sand at the Canary Islands last February. Buildings were thoroughly powdered with the sand, which was of a bright color, and the grains nearly impalpable. The savans have decided that it was conveyed through the air from the Desert of Sahara, which is 192 miles distant from the Canary Isles.

☞ The greatest misfortune of all, is not to be able to bear misfortune.

☞ Men and women are oftener ruined by brilliancy than by dullness.

☞ A woman has been arrested in Barcelona for practicing magic, and in the very act of making cabalistic conjurations. In her apartment were found philtres to produce affection, pills to ensure long life, powder to produce death, a magical cat, entirely black, with the exception of the required tuft of white at the end of the tail, and a quantity of diabolical emblems. All this in the second half of the nineteenth century.

☞ The question has been asked why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go in the presence of ladies in their shirt sleeves; while it is in every way correct for the ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves?

☞ A young lady at a ball was asked by a lover of serious poetry, whether she had seen Crabbe's Tales.

"Why, no," she answered. "I did not know that crabs had tails."

"I beg your pardon, miss," said he; "I mean, have you read Crabbe's Tales?"

"And I assure you, sir," said she, "I did not know that red crabs, or any other crabs, had tails."

☞ A Chippewa squaw, who was the belle of her people a hundred years ago, still lives on the shores of Red Lake. She is 120 years old. She and her husband were the first settlers in that region, and she and a French dealer in furs, were the progenitors of the half-breeds, there so numerous.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVR 14, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

A New Magazine for the Ladies.

In the next number of THE POST will be found the Prospectus of a new Magazine for the Ladies, which the proprietors of this paper design publishing.

Without calling in question, in the least, the merits of the magazines at present in the field—several of which, we know, are worthy of high praise—we have thought there was room for another which, while possessing the usual features of a lady's magazine, will of course also possess a peculiar and distinctive character.

Our magazine will be entitled

THE LADY'S FRIEND;

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND FASHION,

and will be edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson, who will receive the assistance of a large corps of talented contributors.

The contents of the Magazine and of the Post will always be entirely different.

The price of THE LADY'S FRIEND, both for single numbers and for clubs, will be precisely the same as the prices charged for THE POST; and the clubs can be made up of the Paper and the Magazine conjointly if desired.

Further particulars will be given in the Prospectus, in our next number.

A New Story, by Mrs. Wood,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "VERNER'S PRIDE," &c.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers, that we have made arrangements for publishing Mrs. Wood's next story in THE POST. It will be published *from the advance sheets expressly forwarded to us from England.* The first chapter will appear in the first paper of January, 1864, and the story will be about the length of "East Lynne" and "Verner's Pride."

AN EUROPEAN CONFLICT.

In the news that comes to us now-a-days from Europe, we perceive the breaking out of difficulties, which may ere long result in a general conflict.

Thus, Russia is at odds with France, England and Austria upon the Polish question. Germany and Denmark appear almost ready to come to blows upon the old dispute of the Duchies. Sweden and Norway are evidently disposed to help Denmark in such a quarrel. Sweden has her own private grudge against Russia. Italy has her ancient hereditary quarrel with Austria. And, taking Europe altogether, the elements of discord seem to be gathering together in all directions.

The "London Punch," in a late number, represents Britannia as running up her storm signal, in order to be prepared for an evidently coming tempest. And in the last number we find the following ominous lines:—

HUSH! WAS THAT THUNDER?

As when a quivering Summer day is drawing to a close,
And the Sun is lighting up with flames cloud-mountains where he rose,
And the air is hot and wandering, and silence holds her reign,
When men do stop and gaze aloft,—and then harry on again—
And the trembling murmur whispered along the vaulted sky
Is the signal for the clouds to ope their dread artillery—
So now a storm is gathering with the darkness of the time,
And its magnitude is all that will make it seem sublime;
It still is out of ear-shot, but we see its lightnings gleam,—
It is coming—and the thunderings are nearer than they seem—
Each nation gazes upwards, and wraps her cloak around,
And shudders at the first large drops upon the peaceful ground.
It is coming—o'er the heavens are gathering lurid clouds,
And men and women tell and work at Thunderbolts and Shrouds.

That the confidence of our English cousins is not very great in Louis Napoleon, notwithstanding all the talk about the happy entente between France and England, the following lines will go to prove:—

But howsoever we hoist the drum,
Or whencesoever the storm may come,
A watchful, wily Eagle I see
With the banks of the Seine for his aery,
That wheels and wheels about the piles
Of cloud, all sullen with stormy wrack,
Now soaring, slaking otherwhiles,
As if he scented the prey a-far,
And meant that the storm where'er it burst,
Should bring him food for his yellow beak.

We know not whence the storm may break,
But its coming's in the air,
And this is the warning of the drum,
Against the storm, PREPARE!

THE USE OF WORDS.

A NEW INDEX EXPURGATORIUS.

As you have taken up the subject of witticisms, (says a writer in the New York Independent,) with a proper rebuke of the besetting *Italic* sin of ladies of a literary turn of mind—a rebuke, which I was very glad to see administered, being a sufferer from the evil complained of in cases where feminine productions happened to pass through my hands—let me give you a list of words which have been excluded from use in the columns of one of the evening papers of this city which has a scholarly reputation. As an occasional correspondent of that journal, this new *Index Expurgatorius* was once commended to my attention, with a polite request to commit no sins against it. Your readers will agree with me that many of the expurgated words which it pillories for the contempt of mankind are open to the criticisms of writers of pure taste. Perhaps, also, future writers for that journal may see the list, and refrain from vexing the souls of its conductors by giving their pens the task of altering crabbed manuscripts. Here is the list.

1. Aspirant.
2. Ignore.
3. Humbug.
4. Bogus.
5. Taboo.
6. Reliable.
7. "Proudest boast."
8. States, (for "says.")
9. Transpire, (for "occur.")
10. "Being done," etc.
11. *Role*, (for "part.")
12. Inaugurate, (for "begin.")
13. "To base."
14. Predicate.
15. Progressing.
16. "To progress."
17. Partics, (for "persons.")
18. Indorse, (for "approve.")
19. "Posted," (for "informed.")
20. Authoress, (for "author.")
21. Portion, (for "part.")
22. Raid.
23. Bagging, (for "catching.")
24. Repudiate, (for "reject" or "disown.")
25. "Genie," (for "gentlemen.")
26. "Pants," (for "pantaloons.")
27. Parasile, (for "boy.")
28. Mammoth, (for "in a measure.")
29. In our midst.
30. Lady, (for "wife.")
31. "Loughty," (for "tongue.")
32. Loan, (for "lend.")
33. Ovation.
34. Located.

I say nothing here of the hack-phrases of penny-a-liners, which find their way into nearly every daily paper we take up—such as describing a launch by saying that "the noble ship slid gracefully into her native element," (the *native* element of a new ship, by the way, being the *air*, as she is born and well-grown before she takes to the water), or calling fire "the devouring element," or stigmatizing a fellow who beats his wife as "the inhuman monster" and "the unprincipled villain." Nor is it necessary to animadvert upon the Herald style, beginning, "As we predicted," or the peculiar slang which the war has created—specimens of which are found in the phrases "skedaddle," "gobbling" up a party of prisoners; "hard tack" for "biscuit," and "contraband" for "freedman." These are acute attacks of bad English—not yet chronic.

But aside from mere slang, which no purist ever thinks of using, it is unquestionable that the general style of our newspaper and magazine writers is becoming infected by the careless use of words and phrases. In this respect we have a good deal yet to learn from modern English writers, who are still able to say in their public journals that a theory is fallacious without calling it "a humbug," or a piece of intelligence untrustworthy without branding it with the unsophonious epithet of "bogus."

Yours, in the cause of good Queen's English,

ANOTHER READER.

ONE IDEA OF BLISS.

"Hermit here, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way."

Thus I spoke, and speaking, sighed;
Scarce repressed the rising tear;
When the hoary sage replied,
"Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

☞ The other day, a lady, whose name, for obvious reasons we forbear to mention, was supplied by an eminent dentist with a false set of teeth, and, curious to relate, she has ever since spoken in a falsetto voice.—*London Punch.*

☞ A distinguished California divine was asked, after a trip to silver-land, "what he thought of the country?" He replied, "There are but three things at Washoe, sir—big mines, little mines, and whiskey shops; in other words, Ophir holes, gopher holes, and loafer holes."

☞ Small talents are needed as well as large ones; there are occasions where a candle would be as useful as the sun.

☞ Where there's a red sky it's a sign of wind, but where's a red nose it is a sign of wet.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer,*
N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor Sts., Phila.

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

MRS. M. B. GRIER, *Ch'm'n.* } Ex-Officio.
MRS. B. H. MOORE, *Cor. Sec.* }
MRS. GEORGE PLITT, *Rec. Sec.*
MRS. W. H. FURNESS.
MRS. LATHROP.
MISS M. M. DUANE.

We wish to remind our Contributing Societies, that we will pay the freight on all boxes sent to us.

The appointment of MRS. MARY DUNCAN, of Doylestown, Bucks Co., and MISS EMILY WOODWARD, of New Egypt, Ocean Co., N. J., as Associate Managers, was unanimously confirmed at a special meeting of our Executive Committee, held Nov. 3d.

Report of Chairman for October.

In presenting our monthly report, it must be borne in mind that it was prepared for our Contributors, rather than for the Board, to whom it will present little matter of interest beyond the mere figures, which state the month's operations.

October has not proved a month of abundance to the stores of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission. Let not its friends regard this as a reason for discouragement. From other Branches comes the same regretful report, proving that Pennsylvania women are not especially losing their patriotic feeling, still less indicating that a loss of interest is becoming apparent all over the country. Let such a thought be far even from an enemy of the cause. The explanation is, no doubt, simply this: through all the fertile counties of Eastern Pennsylvania, Northern Delaware, and Southern New Jersey, the farmer has gathered in an abundant harvest. This brought blessing, but it also brought toil. While he was busily employed with the sheaves, there was a corresponding increase of the cares and labors of the wife and the daughter in his household. The Aid Society must be given up for a few weeks, because home duties were too pressing. And when the harvest was all gathered, the usual fall work for the family, which no good American wife and mother ever neglects for *any* other call, must be attended to. In our cities, too, the summer wanderings are but recently over. Families are gathering home, and this is necessarily a busy season in every household. Mothers are preparing their children for school, and homes are undergoing their preparation for winter.

A few weeks of patient waiting will make it triumphantly clear that the women of the country were never more full of loving energy in the cause of our Union, and that they have not abated one jot of their zeal or their tender sympathy in relieving the sufferings of their country's bleeding heroes. We have full confidence in them for the future, because we have learned it in the past. That confidence will not be misplaced. We are sure that our storehouse will be filled to overflowing, because we know the hearts of our Contributors, and what a woman will with her whole heart, her hands never fail to accomplish. This we promise, dear Contributors, for you and for ourselves. We are sure it is no idle pledge, no vain boasting, American women will prove that they are worthy of their husbands, sons and brothers who are offering precious lives in the dear cause of their country. This is no time for frivolity, scarcely even for pleasure; but it is the time for work and for sacrifice; the time for ennobling thought and for unresting effort. Let us be up and doing. The work is great and the cause is glorious. Patriotism calls, humanity calls, and the holy loves of home, too, call us; for from almost every household, some member has girded on his sword and gone forth to the battle. We will not rest while they are enduring hardships and privation. It will be time enough for that when they come home victorious.

We have to report the following receipts for the month of October:

609 muslin shirts, 243 woolen shirts, 400 pairs cotton drawers, 28 pairs woolen drawers, 55 pairs canton flannel drawers, 89 wrappers, 238 pairs socks, 103 pairs slippers, 823 handkerchiefs, 55 sheets, 128 pillow cases, 30 quilts, 91 pillows, 240 pads and cushions, 217 towels, 107 arm slings, 78 needle cases, 20 vests, 8 pairs pantaloons, 5 coats, 66 cans tomatoes, 9 kegs and 41 jars pickles, 71 bottles catsup, 270 jars preserves, 122 jars jelly, 125 bottles wine, 13 bottles brandy and whiskey, 92 packages farina, &c., 2 bbls. potatoes, 1 gross bottles Jamaica ginger.

A large quantity of dried fruit, lint, bandages, old linen and muslin, also stationery, groceries, biscuit, vegetables, cravats, mittens, thumb-stalls, games, &c., making in all 137 boxes, packages and barrels.

In addition to this, 209 woolen shirts and 376 bed sacks were made by the Special Relief Committee, of material purchased by the Commission, making an aggregate of 459 woolen shirts received.

The Eleventh Street Baptist Church also sent us 106 garments, made from muslin furnished them last summer.

There are now in stores—227 boxes, 5 kegs, 21 barrels, 66 boxes have been shipped, also 18 kegs and 35 barrels.

In conclusion, we would say to our Contributors, that our advices from the Washington Central Office, indicate that great efforts will be necessary to procure a sufficient supply of warm underclothing, socks and blankets for the approaching winter.

Canned fruits and vegetables are also in great request. For the share of this department, we pledge the women of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. We do not question their response. We would like that our auxiliaries should consider themselves as *part* of the Sanitary Commission, thoroughly loyal to its interests and its reputation. And not only this, but that all should be energetic in the work connected with their own societies, as well as in efforts to awaken an interest in the country around them. Each society would in this way become the founder of others. This has been the case already in some counties. So each society might be a centre of humane and patriotic impulse, ever widening and ever increasing the circles, until every county of each state was thoroughly awakened, and all the women of the country banded together in this work, which we believe to be a work for God and humanity.

Respectfully submitted,

BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

November 2d, 1863.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 17, 1863.

MRS. GRIER.—*Dear Madam*—In the absence of the Secretary, I have been requested by the President of the Hebrew Women's Aid to forward you a detailed account of the workings of the Society for the first three months, commencing May and ending July. The contents of the box No. 7 sent to-day, are the accumulations of the summer months, when so many of our ladies were absent from the city, but we deemed it best to include it in the present enumeration accompanying this.

The rooms of the society, No. 254 South Twelfth street, are now open every Thursday during the day, where the members of the society, headed by their energetic President, continue, by their industrious efforts, to contribute to the comfort of the sick and wounded soldiers, in the hope of restoring them to the service of a grateful country. We feel assured, in time to come, our men who have fought and bled in the glorious cause of the Union, will reap a rich reward, in receiving the high regard and affectionate esteem of every loyal man and woman throughout the land. To have been a *worthy* soldier in the great American Rebellion will be a passport in city or hamlet, and will insure a welcome under every roof.

Earnestly hoping that our heroic men will speedily conquer a peace, and with sentiments of respect and esteem for you, dear madam, believe me,

Yours, very sincerely,
(Signed) MATILDA H. COHEN,
Delegate H. W. A.
H. SAMUEL,
Pres't. H. W. A.

List of articles forwarded to the Sanitary Commission, by the "Hebrew Women's Aid:—

103 day and night shirts, 12 wrappers, 60 towels, 109 handkerchiefs, 43 pairs woolen and cotton socks, 35 collars, 11 cravats, 6 pairs slippers, 7 pairs drawers, 6 hats, 8 packages lint, linen and rags, 35 arm slings, 268 thread and needle bags, 14 pillows, 49 pillow-cases, 51 volumes books, 13 old shirts, 12 pairs pantaloons, 4 old coats, 12 vests, 6 pairs cavalry drawers, 7 pairs old drawers, 7 pairs boots and shoes, a number of old collars and neck-ties, 4 old wrappers, mosquito net, 4 fans, 6 bottles claret, 9 do. wine, 2 do. currant wine, 3 do. blackberry wine, 5 do. vinegar, 2 do. catsup, 4 lbs. cocoa, 23 packages corn starch, 8 do. ground rice, 2 do. rice flour, 11 do. farina, 1 do. allspice, 1 do. cloves, 2 lbs. crackers, 3½ doz. sponges, pens, pencils and paper, 15 pocket combs, 6 large combs, 17 hair brushes, 4 lbs. black tea, 3 pieces castile soap, 14 jars preserves, 2 bottles syrup, 4 bottles cologne, 1 jar pickles.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE.—It was while making a rally like this that a friend of mine met with a singular adventure, which well illustrates the confusion caused by the darkness of the hour. His horse had been killed in the battle, and his leg injured, and as he limped away he was overtaken by a body of men moving in the same direction. Supposing them to be our own troops, he resolved to attempt to make a stand, and sought to face them to the front, using even blows in his excited eagerness "At length some one exclaimed, "Who are you, sir?" "Major of the 76th!" was the reply. "76th what?" said the stranger. "76th New York," replied the Major. "Well, sir, you are my prisoner, for you are trying to rally the 2d Mississippi." And so the gallant Major had to make an excursion in a southerly direction, to escape once during the night, and be again captured as he groped his way through the darkness, to meet with various adventures, to be paroled and finally exchanged. On his return to his regiment he was warmly congratulated by his friends on his success in rallying a Southern regiment.—*Capt. Noyes.*

☞ CHARLESTON DIET.—Greek fire for fire-eaters.

THE TWO REVENGES.

Some centuries since, the chief of the district, Maclean of Lochbuy, had a grand hunting excursion. To grace the festivity, his lady attended, with his only child, an infant, then in the nurse's arms. The deer, driven by the hounds, and hemmed in by surrounding rocks, flew to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find. Here the chief had placed one of his men to guard the deer from passing; but the animals rushed with such impetuosity, that the poor forester could not withstand them. In the rage of the moment Maclean threatened the man with instant death; but his punishment was commuted to a whipping, or scourging in the face of the clan, which in those feudal times was considered a degrading punishment, fit only for the lowest of menials, and the worst of crimes. The clansman burned with anger and fierce revenge. He rushed forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of Lochbuy, from the hands of the nurse, and bounding to the rocks in a moment stood on an inaccessible cliff, projecting over the water. The screams of the agonized mother and chief at the awful jeopardy in which their only child was placed, may easily be conceived. Maclean implored the man to give him back his son, and expressed his deep contrition for the degradation he had in a moment of excitement inflicted on his clansman. The other replied that the only conditions on which he would consent to the restitution were, that Maclean himself should bare his back to the cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been. In despair the chief consented, saying he would submit to anything, if his child were but restored. To the grief and astonishment of the clan, Maclean bore this insult, and when it was completed, begged that the clansman might return from his perilous situation with the young chief. The man regarded him with a smile of demoniac revenge, and, lifting high the child in the air, plunged with him into the abyss beneath. The sea closed over them, and neither, it is said, ever emerged from the tempestuous whirlpools and basaltic caverns that yawned around them, and still threaten the inexperienced navigator on the shores of the Mull.

Two men, living in the southern part of Africa, had a quarrel, and became bitter enemies to each other. After a while one of them found a little girl belonging to his enemy, in the woods, at some distance from her father's house. He seized her and cut off both her hands; and, as he sent her home screaming with her bleeding wrists, he said to her: "I have had my revenge."

Years passed away. The little girl became a Christian, and had grown up to be almost a young woman, when, one day there came to her father's door, a poor, worn-out, gray-headed old man, who asked for something to eat. She knew him at once as the cruel man who had cut off her hands. She went into the hut, and ordered the servant to take him bread and milk, as much as he could eat, and sat down and watched him eat.

When he had finished, dropping the covering that hid her handless wrists from view, and holding them up before him, she exclaimed: "I have had my revenge!" The man was overwhelmed with surprise and humiliation. But the blessed Saviour had said: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

THE SMALL CHANGE.—There is a prevailing disposition among small dealers, indeed, among business men generally, to repudiate all the small postal currency that have pieces torn off of them, or have been torn and mended. They imagine that such notes will not be redeemed by the Secretary of the Treasury. They are in error. A treasury order, issued some time since, *did* substantially announce that such notes would be rejected, but a more recent treasury announcement, has been made, and to the effect that all such notes will be redeemed, providing one-fifth of a note be not missing and that it be apparent that a mended note has been repaired with the piece torn from steelf, and is not made up of pieces from two or more different notes. There is no excuse, therefore, for refusing to accept in trade, notes that are slightly ragged or have been honestly repaired. They are as valuable as notes perfectly new, and will as readily find, when the time comes, a just redemption. By and-by we shall expect to see the brokers advertise their willingness to purchase these tattered notes at a discount, because they know they will be able to obtain new ones for them from the treasury, but why should the poor, who would be the ultimate victims in such a case, submit to such exaction. Let them be warned in time, and act accordingly.

FISH STORIES.—While one of the divers attached to the wrecking schooner Sarah Jane of Boston, was operating in Newport harbor, his attention was attracted by some object butting against his legs and body. He at once found it was a huge shark with distended eyes, evidently wishing to make his acquaintance. The diver fetched him a wipe across the snout with a heavy crowbar, and the monster left, but quickly returned; another blow started him on his travels again, from which he did not return. If the diver had received doubtless it would "have gone hard with him."

☞ Dr. Winship now lifts 2,600 pounds dead weight, and thinks he shall soon succeed in accomplishing 3,000 pounds. His theory is, that toe more he lifts toe more he can lift. But according to this idea, where is he to stop? We suppose there is some limit to human strength, and we shall be curious to see if Dr. Winship succeeds in finding it.

THE NUMBER TWELVE.

The Englishman uniformly reckons by the dozen. His very earthly existence is measured by his favorite number. At twelve he is in the thorough enjoyment of mere being; at twice twelve, in the full vigor of mental and corporeal maturity; and at three times twelve, at high tide of domestic happiness. At four times twelve he has reached the extreme verge of the table-land of life; at five times twelve he has touched, or nearly so, his grand climacteric, thinks of his latter end, and makes his will; and at half a dozen times a dozen he is gathered to his fathers. Shirts for his back, buttons for his coat, and nails for his coffin, are manufactured and sold all per dozen. He furnishes his house, from the wine cellar to the napery closet, with articles per dozen. He arms his ships with guns, regulates the weight of their balls in pounds, and administers discipline to those that work them, all per dozen. He fearlessly commits his property, his fame, and his life, to a dozen of his peers. His readiest measure for small things is his thumb, a dozen of which he calls a foot; and his commonest coin is a shilling, which he breaks into a dozen of pence. Rather than use a power of 10, he adds a dozen to the 100 lbs., and calls that 1 cwt. He indites his inculcations on slips of 12 or quires of twice 12 sheets, with metallic pens assorted per dozen; and publishes his opinions, if he writes for the press, in "folios of four pages;" if fellow of a learned society, in quarto; if on the staff of a review or magazine, in octavo; if he works for the million, in twelves—never in decades. Homer is divided into twice 12 books, Virgil and Milton into 12 each. Spenser proposed to give 12 books, each of 12 cantos; and another poet says:

"I've finished now
Two hundred and odd stanzas as before—
That being about the number I allow
Each canto of the twelve or twenty-four."

☞ THE STARTLED BUTCHER.—A lady who prided herself upon her extreme sensibility, said one day to her butcher, "How can you kill the poor little innocent lambs?" "Madam," cried the astonished butcher, "would you prefer cooking them alive?"

☞ It is a pious and valuable maxim which says: "A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity."

☞ Pride was born of Heaven; but forgetting by what way she fell from it, has never been able to find her way back.

☞ A man's wife often gives him all the moral strength he has. She is at once his rib and his backbone.

☞ The La Crosse Democrat tells a remarkable cat story. A German, who in 1861 volunteered for the war, told his wife not to kill any of the kittens of his favorite cat, but to keep them and their increase until his return. The faithful woman has now on her hands the old cat and her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, etc, etc, to the number of *two hundred and nine* cats, callets, and kittens! Government ought to give that soldier a furlough.

☞ A shell from a Parrot rifled gun in going two and a half miles deviates from a straight line not quite as much as a shell from a mortar. But in passing over this space considerable time is required. The report travels much faster than the shot. A shell from a mortar will make a distance of two miles in about thirty seconds, and from a Parrott gun in about half that time. The flash of a gun at night, and the white smoke by day, indicate the moment of the discharge, and fifteen or twenty seconds give an abundance of time to find a cover in a splinter-proof, behind a trench, or something else.

☞ It may excite surprise in those who have heard of the *accuracy* of astronomy, without weighing the exact significance of the word as applied to so large a subject, that there should still be a lingering uncertainty, to the extent of three or four millions of miles, in the sun's distance from the earth. But the error, whatever it is, is propagated from the solar system into the deepest spaces which the telescope has ever traversed. The sun's distance is the measuring-rod with which the astronomer metes out the distances of the fixed stars and the dimensions of stellar orbits. An error of three per cent. in the sun's distance entails an error of three per cent. in all these other distances and dimensions. Trifling as three per cent. may seem, the correctness runs up to six hundred millions of miles in the distance of the nearest fixed star.

☞ Lamb once said, of all the lies he ever put off—and he put off a good many—indeed, he valued himself on being "a matter-of-lie man," believing truth to be too precious to be wasted upon everybody—of all the lies he ever put off, he valued his "Memoir of Liston" the most. "It is," he confessed to Miss Hutchinson, "from top to toe, every paragraph, pure invention, and has passed for gospel—has been republished in the newspapers, and in the penny play-bills of the night, as an authentic account."

☞ A CONFESSION.—It is hard to acknowledge that we have committed an error. When, in an epistle to the Senate, Frederick the Great wrote, "I have just lost a great battle, and it was entirely my own fault," Goldsmith truly observes, "This confession evinced more greatness than all his victories."

EMANATIONS.

Philosophers have said that light and heat are ponderable bodies, and that although these have been coming out from the sun for six thousand years, that luminous illuminary has not appreciably diminished in size.

The sweetest rose of the beautiful May throws out its delightful fragrance from the first flush of the spring morning until dewy eve, and remains as sweet as ever and quite as large.

The face and air of beauty charmed a thousand hearts yesterday; a thousand more feed upon it to day, and other thousands of eyes will look upon it to-morrow with a lingering rapture, and the next day it will be not less beautiful than it was a week ago.

Influences go out hourly from the wise and good, and as years roll on these influences gather force, while the wise become wiser, and the good better, hour by hour.

So with business men of integrity, of sterling and tried principles, they throw out an influence from themselves which is a power for good in every community, to restrain the wrong-doer and save villainy.

All these are "emanations," influences; material, moral, social; there are also "emanations" malign.

In an autumn morning of the sunny South, or amid the flower-clad prairies of the wide-spreading West, or on the shores of our own Northern lakes and inland seas and crystal-flowing streams from among the mountains, as delicious as the still air is, it is more so in the cool of the evening after the sun has gone down from the sky; and yet that balmy atmosphere is so loaded with miasmatic poison that it breeds diseases and pestilence and death in a night; it will do the same on successive nights, to one or a million of human beings, without any appreciable diminution in either the amount or malignity of its venom; and so ethereal is it that no alembic of the chemist has ever been able to detect its presence, even to the amount of a single atom.

The very sight of filth and squalor and rags, of a victim of the horrifying small-pox, of the wretch whose whole body is a mass of festering corruption—any of these fill the most transient observer with unutterable disgust.

Proximity to moral worth, to maiden purity, to virtuous womanhood, to high Christian character, as infallibly elevate, ennoble, and sanctify, as associations with lawlessness, bestiality and crime degrade and ruin and destroy.

If, then, we desire that emanations should go out from us fairly loaded with influences and powers which are healthful, beautiful, elevating, and benign, we must be clean in person, as well as pure in heart; we must strive to be as faultless in dress as we desire to be engaging in manner; we must bring to our assistance all the aids of taste and art inforder to present to the world, as far as possible, a comely and perfect physique; just as reason and grace are summoned to help us attain a high moral and religious character. In plainer phrase, if your clothes are dirty, wash them, or stay at home; if they are ragged, patch them, or keep out of the street; if you are deformed, employ a tailor or dressmaker of genius; if you have lost a limb, get a Palmer leg; if you have a snaggled tooth, consult a good dentist, for comeliness is a duty as much as health, and so is religion!—*Dr. Hall.*

COURAGE IN THE ABSTRACT.

Kingslake says, on this very delicate subject:—"A bodily ardor for fighting, may be more or less masked and hidden; but no to whom this great passion is wanting, is without the quality of a general. For warfare is so anxious and complex a business, that against every vigorous movement heaps of reasons can forever be found; and if a man is so cold a lover of battle as to have no stronger guide than the poor balance of the arguments and counter arguments which he addresses to his troubled spirit, his mind driven first one way and then another, will oscillate, or even revolve, turning miserably on its own axis, and making no movement straightforward. Now, it is a characteristic still marking the Scottish blood, that often—and not the less so when it flows in the veins of a gentle hearted being—it is seen to fire strangely and suddenly at the prospect of a fight. Campbell loved warfare with a deep passion; and at the thought of battle, his grand, rugged face used to kindle with uncontrollable joy. 'The Brigade of Guards will be destroyed; ought it not to fall back?' When Sir Colin Campbell heard this saying, his blood rose so high that the answer he gave—impassioned the far-resounding—was of a quality to govern events. 'It is better, sir, that every man of Her Majesty's Guards should lie dead upon the field, than that they should now turn their backs upon the enemy.' Doubts and questionings ceased. The division went forward."

☞ REDUCTION IN PRICE.—Army cloth, that eight or months ago cost a dollar and thirty or forty cents a yard, can now be bought for ninety cents, the New York Herald says. The supply is greater than the demand. If this be so, the contractors and the agents of the Government can afford to give the poor sewing women wages enough to keep them from starvation.

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac.

Advance of the Right and Left Wings.

THE ENEMY DRIVEN ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

GENERAL MEADE PURSUING.

GENERAL MEADE telegraphs that on Saturday morning Sedgwick drove the enemy across the Rappahannock river, at Kelly's Ford crossing, and captured two pieces of artillery on the north side, with a number of prisoners. Gen. French advanced to Kelly's Ford during the enemy's retreat across the river, and captured two pieces of artillery, one hundred and fifty prisoners, and four hundred stand of arms. French captured over four hundred prisoners.

LATER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—Last night the Potomac army held the line of the Rappahannock, not without a desultory struggle and the loss of about three hundred men.

The 1st, 2d, and 3d corps went to Kelly's Ford and drove the enemy from their works. Gen. Sedgwick crossed over the river and the cavalry were next to the 6th and 5th corps. Gen. Sedgwick's command was on the right of the Orange and Alexandria railroad. Gen. French on the left.

We drove them to the river. The 5th Wisconsin and 6th Maine, supported by the rest of the brigade, stormed the enemy's redoubts, captured a brigade of North Carolinians, and the Louisiana battery, of seven pieces. The rebel batteries, earthworks and redoubts crowned the banks of each side of the Rappahannock. Gen. Sedgwick at once advanced and stormed them, and this was done with great gallantry and impetuosity, causing much slaughter. Here were taken the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 9th Louisiana regiments, with four pieces of cannon.

When Gen. French reached Kelly's Ford, about six miles below Rappahannock station, the enemy threw an entire division across in support of their picket line on this side. Gen. French hastily took a position so as to bring his artillery to bear upon them, and he proceeded to shell them with marked effect, but only killing a large number, but throwing them into utter confusion, scattering them wildly, and taking many prisoners. French followed up his advantage, and immediately threw the first division of the third corps, commanded by Gen. Birney, across the river, which ended his operations for the day. Sedgwick having he crossed the river with the remainder of his brigade. General Sedgwick had previously crossed, and at 9 o'clock this morning the two wings of the army had formed a junction and held both banks of the river.

This morning our whole line again advanced. The entire number of prisoners taken by both Sedgwick and French is now believed to be 1,698. All the artillery of the rebels on this side was captured. Lee commanded in person.

Miscellaneous.

The reported capture of Fort Sumter is not confirmed by the arrival of the Fulton, which left Charleston harbor on the 6th inst. At that time the rebels still held what remained of the fort, and the bombardment was progressing with vigor.

A rebel regiment crossed the Little Tennessee river on Sunday last, but was driven back by Col. Adams of the 1st Kentucky, with a loss of fifty killed and wounded.

The rebel force which attacked seven hundred infantry, under Colonel Clayton, at Pine Bluff, was about 4,000 cavalry, under Marmaduke. The rebels lost in their defeat three hundred killed and wounded.

BABY SLEEPS.

The baby wept;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And hushed its fears and soothed its vain alarms,
And baby slept.

Again it weeps;
And God doth take it from the mother's arms—
From present griefs and future unknown harms,
And baby sleeps.

☞ We notice that the wild geese have commenced their southward flight. These migratory fowls seem to enjoy life. They have their summer and their winter residences, and taste all the pleasures of Arctic and tropical regions.

☞ See what a German girl has done since 1860. In that year she married a man named Heoflish, a German also. Next year she gave birth to three boys, two of whom lived. Ten months after, she gave birth to three boys and a girl, all living but one boy. Thirteen months later, she gave birth to two girls and a boy, all of whom are alive and well. Ten children in less than three years is doing pretty well. Germany well deserves to be called Motherland as well as Fatherland. Her sons and daughters are just the people to populate a new country.

☞ The great seal of the new commonwealth of West Virginia has representatives which symbolize agriculture and mining. The motto is, "*Montani semper liberi*"—mountaineers always free.

☞ A Berlin artist has come into possession of a very interesting curiosity—the marriage ring of Martin Luther. On it is an inscription, bearing his and his wife's names, with the date of their marriage. The possessor is said to be in negotiation with the directors of the Royal Museum, with a view to its purchase for that institution, the authorities of which entertain no doubt whatever as to the genuineness of the relic.

☞ The late Douglas Jerrold was annoyed upon one occasion by an individual who was airing nine languages at once before a distinguished company. "Nine, sir," observed this social scourge, this cat-o'-nine tails, "I can speak nine distinctly, but my father, when alive, he could speak no less than fifteen." "Ah," remarked Jerrold, "I knew a man who could speak five-and-twenty, and who never said anything worth hearing *in any one of them!*"

TO J—— W——.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

As far abroad in tropic lands,
The sweet down-dropping rain,
Is drunk by thirsty desert sands,
With joy almost a pain;
So eager drank this soul of mine,
That one fresh dewy kiss of thine.

And as that bitter stream of old,
Touched by the prophet's wond'rous tree,
Fell through its waves a sweetness rolled
Past that of Eden's crystal sea;
I taste through all this soul of mine,
That one sweet dewy kiss of thine.

And now, through half the silent night,
With wildly mingled hopes and fears,
From light to dark, from dark to light,
From tears to smiles, from smiles to tears,
I dream through all this soul of mine,
Of that dear dewy kiss of thine.

Oh, would'st thou, of thine own sweet will,
Bid this the fount's unsealing be,
And let its sweetest dews distill
Oft as thy glances down on me,
Entranced, this captive soul of mine,
Would bless that first dear kiss of thine.

II.

A cloud hangs dark between my sight
And thy dear sunny eyes;
Not heavier is the pall that night
Hangs o'er the radiant skies.

I see thee now, alas, no more,
Thou though 'tware mine to tread
Some cold and cruel stranger shore,
With seas between us spread.

Yet no sweet message from thy lips,
Comes floating far to me;
Still to the sea the darkness dips,
Between still rolls the sea.

No'er bid return to haunts of thine,
Nor freed from doubts and fears;
An exile's hopeless lot is mine,
Mine,—mine, his rage and tears.

I marvel if thy heart hath lost
Those memories divine!
Whate'er of grief they since have cost,
They live enshrined in mine.

In them, I see the past arise,
And taste once more its bliss;
I drink the light of thy dear eyes,
And feel thy thrilling kiss.

Nor while my heart's warm pulses beat
Shall one remembered hour,
To me so sacred and so sweet,
One moment lose its power.

Nor gripe of scandal or of scorn,
Howe'er they wring my heart,
Shall crush the tender thoughts them born,
'Till life itself depart.

ALBANY.

THE HOSPICE OF THE GRIMSEL.

A TRUE STORY.

Sometimes one is tempted to think that, in a very primitive state of society, in some deep, sequestered scene, among very honest and simple-minded people, there may be an exemption from temptation and crime. A little inquiry would speedily undeceive us of such an idea. We are a fallen race, and the trail of the serpent is everywhere to be found. Crime may lurk behind the most reverend aspect, and the most candid eyes. I remember once being invited to dinner at the country house of a London merchant. I was very greatly struck by the mildness of his aspect, his winning manners, his look of sweetness and benevolence. The next thing I heard of him, was, that he was sentenced to a long term of penal servitude for a course of fraud and forgery, accompanied by very aggravating circumstances.

Everybody liked old Zybach. He was the landlord who kept the Grimsel Hospice. The Grimsel Pass is in the wildest and sternest part of Switzerland. It is less like Switzerland than like Greenland or Spitzbergen. The traveller reaches it through traversing a vast forest of fir, and passes by the tremendous waterfall of the river Aar, tossing down an unbroken, glassy sheet into a foaming abyss. Then he comes into a higher, colder tract, where all vegetation ceases; first the bushes, then the rank grass, then the lichen. Then you come to the sterile granite rocks, broken and precipitous, where, even in the height of summer, patches of snow lie about unmelted, and browsing goats eagerly devour the strips of moss and grass found between the crevices. Hard by is a black tarn, or lake, in which no fish can live. Here there is a homely Inn called the Hospice of the Grimsel. Originally it was a convent, and after the Reformation it was still supported by the neighboring communities, to give food and shelter to the wandering poor, and to those who were obliged to travel in tempestuous weather. But in the summer season crowds of travellers and tourists assemble here, and the place is kept as an Inn of open and convenient entertainment to all.

This, then, is the Grimsel Hospice. It is many miles removed from any human habitations. It stands six thousand feet above the level of the sea. It has heavy windows, that the cold might not pierce through. It was built with rough, massive masonry, that the weight of the snow might not crush it down. It is situated in a rocky hollow, surrounded by barren slopes and dangerous precipices. An innkeeper rents it from March to November. The place is then gay with tourists; but in the winter everything is utterly desolate, and the landlord himself goes away. A single servant is left there, with sufficient provisions to last him during the winter. He is also furnished with two dogs, to watch for the approach of the wandering wayfarer. But even in the dead of the winter the inhabitants of the adjacent valleys occasionally meet there, that they may barter and exchange their several productions.

Everybody, I say, liked old Zybach, who was the landlord. They liked old Zybach's daughter, and they liked old Zybach's cheer. He was upwards of sixty years of age; hale, kindly, cheerful, honest-looking. He had many friends; he was blessed in his family, and he was prosperous in his business. But the wretched man had a greed for gold. Every period of life has its besetting temptation, and covetousness is often the old man's sin. He was dissatisfied with the inn. He wished it was larger, to accommodate the increasing crowd of summer tourists. How happy he would be if any lucky accident would destroy it! Of course, the canton would rebuild it for their tenant at the public expense, and it would be built exactly as he wished. For instance, a lucky conflagration; such things, we know, do from time to time happen. He would not mind it on any account, not he, for he was very well insured. And so beneath that seeming honesty, that open countenance, there lurked an unholy thought, which ripened onwards into a black, unholy deed.

Down in the valley is the beautiful town of Meyringen. It commands a view far up the height of the Hospital of the Grimsel. One winter evening a party was assembled in one of the inns. Old Zybach was there, and an aged man who had long been his servant. They had trudged in that day from the Hospice. The family of the landlord were away as usual, but Zybach had gone up to the place to bring his old servant down to Meyringen for a day or two's change. The conversation was brisk enough. Many talked to the old servant man, and reminded him of a memorable passage in the history of the Hospice in which he had been concerned.

The conversation related to the former destruction of the Hospice by the fall of an avalanche some twelve years before.

"I mind it well;" said the old servingman. "It was towards the end of March, and would be Lady's Day in a day or two. I was thinking it would be none so lonesome soon, when the master and his sons and the young ladies would be back. So with a good heart I made up the fire with logs, and sat down for another lonely night. I had only one dog then, but he was neighbor-like, you see; when all of a sudden I heard a curious sighing noise, as of a human creature hard set. I felt a shudder all over me, and the poor beastie of a dog jumped up and licked my hand, and seemed very uncomfortable.

"I listened, and again heard the sighing, wailing, horrifying sound. So I went out of doors. Some snow had fallen, but it was now a clear starlight night. So I looked about, but saw and heard nothing. Again when I was sitting over the fire I heard the strange sound, and could not rest till I went out of doors to search about. The snow was now coming down violently, and nearly blinded me; with difficulty I made head against it. It was soon lying very deep on the ground. I felt I was becoming confused and would soon be unable to find my way back. I returned and rested uneasily that night.

"The next morning a trader from Hasli came up. I was surprised that he came such bad weather, but I was heartily glad to see him. We heard the sound again. My companion shuddered when he heard it. He told me that he knew it well, that it was no human sound, but a warning noise prophetic of distress. Then I remembered all I had heard of such noises being heard before the crash of the avalanche.

"The trader was gone, and I had descended into a lower room. Suddenly there was an awful crash. A huge mass, with enormous weight and velocity, burst down upon the Hospice. Then I heard the sound of the crashing roof, the cracking rafters, the tottering walls. Then came a choking, suffocating feeling. I knew full well what was the matter. I was buried beneath a mountain of snow. I expected every minute that the snow would sink lower and destroy me. Presently I found out that though it had broken through the house and filled all the other rooms, the bottom apartment, where I was, would be safe. To my joy, I found the old doggie all safe beside me. Happily, also, there was a shovel and pickaxe. I seized them at once and set to work, and, thank God! worked my way through."

So the old man told the story of his wonderful escape from the avalanche which engulfed the Grimself fourteen years before the night of which we are writing. It is a true story, which is still well remembered throughout Switzerland.

"And the first place I came to," continued the old man, "was this very inn, and yonder is the Hospice, repaired and looking as good as new."

Immediately the company turned round and looked in the direction of the Hospice. Zybach, the landlord, was at the window, steadfastly regarding it.

There was a quivering of the lip, an eagerness of the eye, a restlessness of gesture, which forcibly struck two or three of the persons present. "Yes, yes, it must be so," he was half muttering to himself.

"Is there not something peculiar in the appearance of the sky in the direction of the Hospice to-night?" said an acute-looking farmer who was present.

There was certainly something red and lowering in the sky. One said it was the moor, perhaps. Another said it was possible it might be the Aurora Borealis. One or two looked inquiringly at Zybach.

"I will tell you what it is," said Zybach, slowly; "the Hospice is on fire."

"That is very unlikely," said one. All of them agreed that it was very unlikely. A fire in that region of ice and snow!—a fire in that now uninhabited and deserted spot! Still, as they gazed in the direction of the Hospice, a fire was the only thing that could account for the appearance. It was now too late, and the road was too dangerous for anything to be done that night. It was agreed that a party should start off the first thing in the morning.

The sight had been seen by others. The poor villagers of the Hasli and Valsis had seen it, and discerned clearly that it was a fire. They anticipated the Meyringen party by arriving first on the spot. They put out the smouldering fire, and searched everywhere among the *debris* for any articles of value which might have escaped the flames, but found none. Something, however, they found, not on the scene of the fire, that was highly curious and important.

There was a cairn of stones about twenty yards from the house. Something in its appearance had attracted the attention of one of the Valais party. It looked a little too regular to be the result of accident. Some one went up to it and carefully removed the stones.

It was certainly a curious sight. There lay parcels and packages most symmetrically arranged. A good collection of cutlery, some specimens of the better kind of earthenware, household linen, white as snow, a timepiece and watch, a variety of other articles; in short, it was a regular treasure trove. Who could have put them there? Could it have been a thief, who had first robbed the Hospice and then set fire to it? But what reason could a thief have for adding arson to robbery? Then a darker suspicion arose. Was it possible that it could have been the landlord, the aged, kind-hearted, respectable Zybach?

Soon the Valais peasants saw the Meyringen party approaching. They had been on the look-out for them, knowing that the fire would be noticed, and that at dawn there would surely be help. Zybach was at their head.

All doubt was at an end. It had certainly been a fire, and a very bad one. It had burned everything combustible, and was only stopped by the thickness of the walls. All the landlord's best effects were destroyed. Every one commiserated his unhappy case.

"Never mind, friend Zybach," said a Meyringen magistrate who was present; "the canton will build you a larger and better hospice. Besides, the building is insured, is it not?"

"Yes," said Zybach.

"You might have insured your property at the same time—perhaps you did?"

"Oh, yes," said Zybach, "I was obliged to do so, in justice to myself. I had a number of valuable articles, household linen, cutlery, plates—"

"Oh, here they are, Zybach—here they all are!" exclaimed one of the Valais peasants. "We have found all the things—at least, the best—hidden beneath this heap of stones."

"How is this, Zybach?" said the Meyringen magistrate. "Your house burnt down, and your property secreted! Do you know anything about this?"

The people flocked together around Zybach, some with threatening, and all with eager looks.

The unhappy man felt the full peril of his position. All his self-possession forsook him. He burst into tears, and fell on his knees, when confronted with the evidence of his crime.

"Oh, good friends! oh, dear friends! Have mercy upon me. I am a miserable old man. I did it—yes, I did it. It was the devil tempted me. Have mercy on me, and do not be hard on an old man."

"Tie his wrists with a rope," said the magistrate, surveying Zybach's burly form, "and conduct him to the gaol."

Yes, the unhappy landlord of the Hospice had committed this grievous crime. He had burnt the place down, expecting that a larger and handsomer one would be built for him. His effects were also insured, but he had secreted the most valuable of these, thus hoping to make a further nefarious gain.

I will only add that he was sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years, which, at his age, amounted to imprisonment for life. Perhaps, however, this was not the worst part of his penalty. If ambition and the love of gain led him to sin, it was worse for his family than for himself—for the stalwart young men and the fair girls—as he had now caused them ruin, unhappiness and disgrace. When a man meditates sin, he should think how many he involves in his own degradation.

This story is true in all the main particulars, although, as there is some uncertainty about some of the facts, I may not have grouped them quite accurately. At the present moment, I believe, Zybach is expiating his sentence. Let us trust that, after all, his detection may prove the happiest thing for him; that, though late, he may find pardon, and, even in this life, peace.

For What Children are Grateful.

Parents spend a life of toil in order to leave their children wealth, to secure them social position or worldly advantages. I do not underrate the worth of these things. Had they not been valuable, there would not have been so many Providential arrangements impelling men to seek them. I would only show that there is something of infinitely greater value, not only to the parent, but to be transmitted to the child. What does the child most love to remember? I never heard a child express any gratification or pride that a parent had been too fond of accumulating money, though the child at that moment was enjoying the accumulation. But I have heard children though their inheritance had been crippled and cut down by it, say, with a glow of satisfaction on their features, that a parent had been too kind hearted, too hospitable, too liberal and public spirited to be a very prosperous man. A parent who leaves nothing but wealth, or similar social advantages to his children, is apt to be speedily forgotten.

However it ought to be, parents are not particularly held in honor by children because of the worldly advantages they leave them. There is comparatively little gratitude for this. The heir of an empire hardly thanks him who bequeathed it. He more often endeavors before his time to thrust him from his throne. But let a child be able to say, my father was a just man, he was affectionate in his home, he was tender hearted, he was useful to the community and loved to do good in society, he was a helper of the young, the poor, the unfortunate, he was a man of principle, liberal, upright, devout—and the child's memory cleaves to that parent. He honors him, reveres him, treasures his name and his memory, thinks himself blessed in having had such a parent, and the older he grows, instead of forgetting, only reveres and honors and remembers him the more. He is experience and affection sitting in judgment on human attainments. It shows what is most worth the seeking.—*Ephraim Peabody.*

HEAVEN AT LAST!

Long the road—the valley dreary,
Steep the hill, and strait the way;
But the path, though rough and rugged,
Leadeth unto "perfect day."
Heaven at last!

With my pilgrim staff and burden,
Heavy laden here I roam;
But the Lord sweet rest hath promised,
When I reach my glorious home!
Heaven at last!

Walking through the lonely valley,
Chasten'd, scourged, and sore distrest;
Cool night-shadows fall around me,
Foretaste of the final rest.
Heaven at last!

When fast bound in "Doubting Castle,"
Faith grows faint and fears awake,
Still the precious "key of promise"
Every bolt and bar shall break.
Heaven at last!

Now I reach the beauteous palace,
Life's long journey almost done,
Kept in "*Peace*" that holy chamber,
Looking eastwards to the sun!
Heaven at last!

Gazing on the purple mountains,
Where so soon my feet shall tread,
Bathed in sunlight, soft and golden,
Rising, still and calm o'erhead.
Heaven at last!

Yonder lies the land of Beulah,
Where the Lord's beloved dwell;
Where the silver cord shall loosen,
And the song of praise shall swell;
Heaven at last!

Just beyond, there lies in shadow,
Death's untried and swollen stream;
Where Jerusalem "the Holy,"
On my ravished sight shall gleam.
Heaven at last!

Oh! to reach that blessed city,
Death's cold waters safely past;
Oh! to sleep at peace in Jesus,
And awake in *Heaven at last!* A. S. K.

—*Sunday School Times.*

☞ The last bon-mot in Paris was one uttered by a distinguished foreign diplomatist, which characterised Napoleon as "the man who says nothing, and yet always lies."

☞ It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.

☞ Every base occupation makes us sharp in one practice, and dull in every other.

☞ The biggest catamount ever heard of was the amount Whittington got for his cat.

THE NIGHT-WALK OVER THE MILL STREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

I.—THE LADY KATHARINE'S WISH.

The red light of the setting sun shone full on the windows of a farm-house, standing amidst its own lands; shone into a chamber which faced the west. On the bed lay the mistress of the house, suffering from some sudden attack, which caused intense inward agony.

A woman-servant, who had been standing at the window, turned round, her face brightening with satisfaction. "There, there,—don't take on so, missis! He is coming in at the gate. It will be all right now."

The moans from the bed ceased; but, nevertheless, a more troubled expression arose to the face, lying there. It was as though the bodily pain had given place to mental.

The servant left the room. A couple of minutes, and she returned, showing in a gentleman. A tall, fine, gentlemanly man of thirty years, with a pleasing countenance. His large, earnest gray eyes were bent with sympathy on the bed, as he advanced to it, and took the patient's hand.

"Nancy says you have been ill these several days past, Mrs. Key," he said. "Why did you not send for me before?"

"I was ashamed to send for you now," she murmured. "I feel ashamed to see you, Mr. Olliver. Indeed it has not been our fault. We would have found the money to pay you if it had been in our power."

His lips parted with a sweet smile, reassuring in its brightness. Her husband, who was a hard-working farmer, had fallen into misfortunes; had been obliged to wipe off his debts with a sponge. A heavy account, long due to Mr. Olliver for medicine and attendance, had been thus cancelled. They were not willing debtors, and Mrs. Key felt it keenly; felt, as she had thus expressed it, ashamed to see him once more at her bedside.

"Were I never paid in any coin but money," he said in a gentle tone, "I should deem myself poorly remunerated. The pleasure of alleviating suffering, looking for no recompense, is one of the green spots in the desert of a doctor's life. And now tell me what is the matter," he continued, drawing a chair to the bedside. "It is the old enemy in the side, I presume?"

"Yes; but worse than I have ever experienced it. I never had an attack such as this. As Nancy has told you, I have been suffering for some days past; but this morning the pain grew into agony. I thought I should have died with it."

"You have been fretting lately, I fear," observed Mr. Olliver.

"True," she answered. "How am I to help it?"

How, indeed! The surgeon knew as well as she did, that for the suffering brought on by trouble there is no help. Half the world have a daily fight with it. He prescribed his remedies, said he would send some medicine immediately, and sat chatting soothingly for a few minutes. None, save the sick, know the comfort a sympathizing doctor brings to the bedside. By the time he rose to go, Mrs. Key felt better.

"I shall not be able to see you to-morrow, or for a week or ten days subsequent to it. You know why," he added, a smile illumining his features. "But you will receive every attention from Mr. Hill. And I will come up again this evening."

"No, sir, not again. Do not take the trouble to come again. I could not think of it. I shall do well now."

"We will see," he answered, leaving it an open question, as he shook her hand to depart.

The sun had sunk beneath the horizon when he quitted the house, but clouds of purple and crimson lingered in the sky. It was a fine, clear evening, at the end of October; clearer and finer than they had had it latterly. Before him, at a short distance, lay the village of Hilton-Coombe, and Mr. Olliver hesitated which way he should return to it. By the roadway, bearing to the right, it would take him about twenty minutes to get to his own residence in it; if he cut across the fields opposite to him, and crossed the mill stream, he might gain it in little more than ten. But it was the crossing of this mill stream which caused him to hesitate, for the floods had been out lately—as the phraseology ran in the neighborhood—and the path might be dangerous.

Being pressed for time, he turned to it. A stream, narrow in that part, and only to be crossed by an unprotected wooden bridge. It was little more, in fact, than a plank, and two persons could not stand abreast on it. Mr. Olliver found the water very high, nearly reaching to it; but he had a steady eye and step, and traversed it in safety. Immediately before him, at only a field's distance, was the church of Hilton-Coombe, its large graveyard surrounding it, and its spire stretching up against the sky. As he gazed at it, a soft color flushed his face, akin to that in the crimson sky; a quicker motion arose in his beating heart; for in that church on the morrow, the last day of October, he would receive the hand of one who was dearer to him than his own life. It would be his wedding day.

The field path took him direct to the little gate of the churchyard. Passing through it, he crossed the path which wound round by the church door, and emerged on the high road. The village lay on his right, and he turned to it. It was a large village, containing a great many gentlemen's houses, and but a small proportion of poor.

The first house he came to was the rectory. It was not close to the church; one side of the churchyard, and a field in which the rector kept his cows, intervened. A low house it was, old-fashioned and commodious, built of greystone, lying back from the road, and half-hidden from the gaze of passers by, by the trees crowding its garden. Mr. Olliver cast an eager glance through in spite of the trees: it might be, that he might catch a glimpse of a beloved face at one of its windows, many of which were lighted with firelight. The only daughter of the rectory, Annis Dudley, was she who would become on the morrow Annis Olliver.

He did not see her, and he walked on with a fleet foot. Under an engagement to dine there that evening, he was hastening home first to despatch medicines to Mrs. Key, and to make some slight alteration in his dress. A carriage passed him and drew up to the rectory gate. He turned and looked after it, for he had no doubt it contained Miss Bellasyse.

It did contain Miss Bellasyse, a little lady with gray hair, who walked lame as she traversed the winding path through the garden to the rectory door. A fair girl came hastening into the hall to meet her; one with a gentle face and a soft dark eye. She wore a shaded silk dress of a delicate color, quiet and lady-like as she was.

"Can this be Annis?" asked the visitor. "My dear child, you have grown into a woman!"

Annis blushed and smiled. "It is six years since you saw me, Aunt Ruth, and I am twenty-one."

"Ay, time flies. I wish I could come to you less rarely, but you know how I am chained to home. I put off coming now until the last moment. My dear Katherine!"

The servant had thrown open the door of a drawing-room on the right of the hall, and the last words were addressed to a lady who was sitting by its fire. She was middle-aged now, but must have been handsome in her day; she would have been more so now but for the coldness of her blue eyes, and the haughty cast of her aquiline features. She wore a rich dress of blue watered silk, and gold ornaments.

"Mamma, it is Aunt Ruth."

The two ladies met and clasped hands. They were first cousins. The rector's wife was the first to speak. "Never to come to us until this evening, Ruth! You might almost as well not have come at all. Jacob, where is your master?"

The servant, who had been closing the door, opened it again. "I think he is in his room, my lady."

"Inform him that Miss Bellasyse is here."

But before Jacob could depart, he found himself put aside by his master, the Reverend William Dudley, a man of simple manners, and a calm, good face. A stranger need not have been told that he and Annis were father and daughter; the likeness between them would have proclaimed it.

"And so you are going to lose Annis!" exclaimed Miss Bellasyse, sadness mingling with her tone.

A strangely frigid expression settled on the face of Lady Katherine Dudley. She made no rejoinder; it appeared that she would not make one.

"Not quite to lose her," said the rector cheerfully, a happy light shining in his not dark eyes, so like his daughter's. "It might have been worse, Ruth; she goes away from us but a stone's throw."

"But is it a desirable connexion for Annis?" doubtingly resumed Miss Bellasyse.

"Wait until you see him," said Mr. Dudley. But the Lady Katherine formed her lips into a "No," and lifted her head with a defiant gesture.

For the approaching union with Mr. Olliver did not give pleasure to Lady Katherine Dudley. She had married the rector of Hilton-Coombe in early life, when she was plain Miss Bellasyse, plain in station, poor in pocket, and she had deemed it an excellent settlement. But through the death of several intervening heirs, her father succeeded to an earldom and she to a title, and then she began to find the quiet rectory of Hilton-Coombe, with its five hundred a year, all told, somewhat unsuited to her degree. For herself, she could not change it; no money had accrued to her with her title; she must continue to live the quiet life, and not escape from it, and she was content enough to do so, but she began to cherish dreams of ambition for her only child. Annis should marry well; should soar into the rank to which, as her daughter, she was entitled; should become noble and wealthy. Great dreams! cherished by many a mother, and by many found to be vain ones: as they were so found by Lady Katherine Dudley. For Annis marred the whole scheme by falling in love with the plain village surgeon, Thomas Olliver.

It may be a question, though, whether Mr. Olliver did not fall first in love with her. However it may have been, the mischief was done. The rector viewed it favorably. He knew the man's worth. He knew that his practice was a lucrative one; that he could keep Annis just as comfortably as she

had been kept; and dreams of greatness for her did not trouble him. He gave his consent heartily to the marriage. Lady Katherine did not refuse here, but she made it into a grievance, and very much enjoyed dilating upon it. She had been given all her life to make things into grievances and dilate upon them; so much so, that the affect upon the rector's mind had worn away. To use a familiar phrase, her grumblings went in at one ear and out at the other; but she sometimes said things in her hasty spirit for which even she would be sorry afterwards. She despised Annis's want of taste almost as much as she deplored it. That dashing young officer of dragoons, and her relative, the Honorable Captain Bellasyse, had come on a visit to Hilton-Coombe rectory, and before he left it he laid himself and his two thousand a year patrimony at the feet of Annis. Annis only shook her head at him; he was not Thomas Oliver. Little wonder that my lady was put out by a taste so plebeian!

"Child!" said Miss Bellasyse, as she stood in the bedroom to which she had been shown, and clasped the hands of Annis in hers, "do you love him, this Thomas Oliver?"

The hot crimson rushed to Annis's cheeks, and the tears glistened on her eyelashes. But, save a smile which hovered on her lips, there came no other answer. It was not needed.

"I see," said Miss Bellasyse. "And your father says he is good—worthy—noble. May God bless the union.

Mr. Oliver was in the drawing-room when they returned to it. He had but then entered, and was bending over Lady Katherine, whose hand he had taken in greeting. Lady Katherine had a pleasanter look upon her face as it was raised to him. In spite of her prejudices against his position, she liked the man; and could she have forgotten that outer, far-away, high-sounding place, called the great world, she might have been fully content with Thomas Oliver.

Miss Bellasyse scanned him keenly. She was a reader of character in the human countenance. He turned to her with a frank smile, and her heart went bounding out to him, for Annis's sake. A good, noble face; one that could not belie itself. Had Annis been her daughter, she would have given her to him fearlessly, although all the honorables in the peerage had been arrayed against it.

The dinner was announced. The rector crossed the hall with Miss Bellasyse, Mr. Oliver took Lady Katherine. Annis walked alone, and Mr. Oliver whispered something to her as they sat down, which called forth a smile. They were dining alone, but several friends were expected to drop in later in the evening. The conversation naturally fell upon the wedding and its preparations, and an allusion was made to the decorating of the church, which Miss Bellasyse did not understand. She said she did not.

"Nor anybody else," cried the rector, half crossly, half lovingly, as he glanced at Annis. "Perhaps that young lady will explain it to you, Ruth."

She lifted her bright cheeks to her father. "Papa, it is not my fault. It was not my proposal that it should be done."

"Of course not," said Mr. Dudley. "It was nobody's fault, was it? The fact is, Ruth,"—turning to his guest,—"they have wormed a consent out of me to allow the church to be set off with evergreens for this grand ceremony to-morrow."

"Set off in what manner?" asked Miss Bellasyse.

"Oh, you must ask them about that. They are to be strewn up the path, I believe, that my young lady's shoes, there, may not come in contact with the stones. Are you afraid of your boots, Mr. Oliver?"

"No, sir."

"The placing evergreens in the church has my *full approbation*," spoke Lady Katherine with emphasis, from her seat at the table's head. "As Annis *is* to be married, I deem it well that the attendant circumstances should be of distinctive mark; as befits her position as my daughter. The evergreens will not hurt the church, Mr. Dudley."

"My dear, I did not say they would. They can be there if you like; I conclude they will be there. I only think they will look a little foolish. Mr. Olliver I believe to be perfectly innocent in the matter; but for Annis—she no doubt considers the branches and boughs indispensable adjuncts to the binding of the ceremony."

Annis laughed, and slightly shook her head as she glanced at Mr. Dudley. In point of fact, the evergreens had been settled without her knowledge. Some young ladies of Hilton-Coombe (who would have the pleasure of walking over the evergreens themselves as bridesmaids) had suggested it to Lady Katherine, and she had caught at it.

"They are to be placed in the church this evening, Aunt Ruth," said Annis. "We are going down presently, a good many of us; and old John will be there with a truck load."

"Who is old John?" asked Miss Bellasyse.

"Papa's clerk. Have you forgotten him? He will be seventy-seven next January, but is hale and hearty as ever."

"And old John is like a child with a new toy over this evergreen business," returned the rector. "He has been stripping the best shrubs in my garden this afternoon before my face. 'You'll spoil them, John,' I said to him. 'Eh, sir, what of that?' said he. 'It is for Miss Annis's wedding.' You are in his good books," added Mr. Dudley, looking at the surgeon.

Mr. Oliver laughed. "Am I, sir? I am glad to hear it. Better be in people's good books than their bad ones."

"Pray, are you going to assist at this rush strewing?"

"Oh, papa! *rush* strewing?" interposed Annis. But she looked at Mr. Oliver somewhat anxiously for his answer.

"I cannot," he replied to the rector. "I have to go as far as the Brook farm. Mrs. Key is very ill."

Annis glanced round at him timidly, and a shade of disappointment was perceptible in her voice as she spoke. "You will be in again this evening?"

"Of course. I have but to go to the Brook farm. By the time your party returns from the church, I daresay I shall be home again."

"How are the Keys doing now?" inquired Lady Katherine of Mr. Oliver.

"Not very great things, I fear," he replied. "I am sure it is anxiety that makes her ill. It brings on the old complaint in her side."

Barely was the cloth removed when Mr. Oliver asked if they would excuse him. He would prefer to go to Mrs. Key's at once: he might have medicine to send down after his return, he said, possibly some few other things to do at home, and the sooner he got off, the sooner he should be at liberty to come back to the rectory. Mr. Dudley rose at the same time. He wished to call on a parishioner at the other end of the village, and would walk so far with him.

They went out. Lady Katherine turned to the fire with a pettish movement. "You see what you must expect, Annis, in this marriage. A doctor cannot even sit to his meals."

"How much I like him!" warmly exclaimed Miss Bellasyse. "If he cannot boast of rank, Katherine, he can boast of something better. He is a true gentleman."

"Annis! Annis!" impulsively interrupted Lady Katherine. "Do run after your papa. Ask him if he will call in at Jones's. It will save my sending, and the servants are so busy to-night."

Annis ran off as impulsively as her mother spoke. She caught them in the dark winding path, midway between the house and the gate.

"Call at Jones's!" repeated the rector, as she delivered the message. "What for?"

"To remind them to send in time, I suppose, papa," replied Annis. "I don't know what else mamma means."

"I had better ask and make sure," said he to himself. "Wait an instant for me, Mr. Oliver."

Annis did not turn to the house with her papa; she walked slowly by Mr. Oliver's side to the entrance-gate, and they stood there together. The moon was very bright, showing out the features of the landscape all clear and distinct; the tinkling of a sheep bell, near, was heard on the quiet air. Mr. Olliver drew Annis to his side, and stood with his arm round her.

"How beautiful the night is!" she exclaimed. "So calm and peaceful."

"May it be an earnest of the peace of our future, Annis," he earnestly said. And her heart responded, Amen.

The steps of the rector were heard leaving the house again. Mr. Olliver bent his face upon hers.

"I will say good-bye to you now, my darling."

"Not good-bye! not good-bye!" she hastily answered, some feeling, which she could not account for, then or afterwards, seeming to rise up against the words. Could it be a foreshadowing of evil? "It sounds as if you were never coming back again."

"What am I to say?" he rejoined in a laughing mood. "Borrow a phrase from our continental neighbors, and say *au revoir*?"

Annis appeared unusually serious. "Are you *obliged* to go to Mrs. Key's to-night, Thomas?"

"Not perhaps obliged; but I wish to do so. I shall soon be back again."

No, not obliged. But the very fact of his not having been paid by Mrs. Key, rendered the surgeon more anxious to give her every attention. Of a benevolent, generous nature, refined and considerate, he would rather have alighted all his rich patients put together than poor Mrs. Key. He had not been paid for his past attendance; he did not suppose he should be paid for the present; but in his creed that was no reason why he should refuse his services.

Mr. Dudley linked his arm within his, and they walked through the village together. About midway in it was situated the house of the surgeon; a handsome residence, the surgery being detached. "I must call in for one moment," said Mr. Olliver, as they came to it.

The rector entered with him. Mr. Oliver's business was to ascertain whether any message had come for him, demanding him professionally. Mr. Hill, his qualified assistant, who was in the surgery, replied that there had been none.

"I shall soon be back, then," he observed to the rector, as they continued their way towards the end of the village. There they parted; and Mr. Olliver branched off on the road leading to the Brook farm.

Meanwhile, Annis had re-entered the dining-room. And she found her mother's mood changed. When in the actual company of Mr. Olliver, whom she really liked, Lady Katherine was apt to forget her prejudices: it was as though the presence of the man imparted its own charm. But no sooner had he departed than the charm was broken, and up came the prejudices again.

It happened that Miss Bellasyse had laid on the table a copy of the Morning Post newspaper for that day, and Lady Katherine took it up. The first paragraph her eye rested on was a glowing account of a "Marriage in high life," the young lady being a connexion of the Bellasyse family. It was quite enough for Lady Katherine Dudley.

She flung the newspaper on the table as Annis entered, and turned to her angrily:

"You might have done as well had you chosen," she cried in a bitter tone.

Annis was surprised.

"Dear mamma, what is the matter?" she asked, wonderingly.

"The matter! Read that."

She pushed the journal towards Annis, and the latter ran her eyes over the indicated part. Then she looked up brightly, a smile upon her face.

"I am very glad not to do as well as that, mamma. I should make a poor wife for a nobleman. Better as it is."

"Yes, better," added Miss Bellasyse emphatically. "A man whose days are spent in the fulfillment of duties, in the benefiting his fellow-creatures, is more to be honored than one who leads a useless life. You may wish now, Katherine, that Annis had married differently, but you will not wish it long. As we draw nearer to the other world, the great truth impresses itself more and more forcibly upon us, that it is not what we are in the scale of rank that will help us on the road to heaven; but what we do with the time, the talents, the opportunities bestowed us by God. The day will come, rely upon it, when you will have no other wish than that she had chosen Mr. Oliver."

"I wish he was dead!" was the intemperate rejoinder of Lady Katherine.

Annis glanced up with a shudder. Accustomed though she was, to her mother's thoughtless remarks; knowing, as she did, that they meant nothing, and that Lady Katherine was generally the first to feel sorry for them, the words yet seemed to strike on her heart with a chill.

II.—DECORATING THE CHURCH.

Merry tongues, merry laughter resounded on the night air. A gay party, most of them gleeful girls, stood in the porch of the church. The clerk, old John, had forgotten to get the keys from the rectory, and he was now gone for them. A load of evergreens in a truck rested outside, and the bright leaves of the laurel quite shone in the moonlight.

Two of the young ladies, Georgina and Mary Balme, were more impatient than the rest. Intimate at the rectory almost as Annis herself was, loving her much, this wedding was a great event to them. They might not have entered into its preparations so blithely, had they been going to lose Annis; had she chosen to marry that young dragoon officer, for instance, and thereby have abandoned Hilton-Coombe for a distant home. But she was going to remain among them, to be their friend as she had been, and they aided the wedding on with all their hearts.

One of them went beyond the porch to watch for the clerk's return. It was Georgina.

"Annis, don't you think old John's getting beyond his work?" she asked.

"Not at all," replied Annis. "Papa was saying only to-day how strong and well he kept."

"At any rate, one would think his memory was failing. It must be very stupid of him to forget the keys."

"He may have thought that I should bring them," returned Annis. "In fact, I ought to have done so. The forgetfulness lies with me."

"Here he is," interrupted Mary Balme. "I can hear his footsteps. Now, who will do the most work?"

Old John came up, opened the doors, and went forward to light one or two of the lamps in the church. To do this, he had to get a match from near the vestry. The outer door of the edifice opened to a somewhat large vestibule—if the word may be applied to a consecrated building. It was square, and paved with stone. On the right hand, a door in the wall led to the belfry; on the left, a similar door opened to a small room, little better in fact than a passage, which, in its turn, opened to the vestry. The folding-doors opposite the entrance led at once into the church. It was an old-fashioned, low church, with high windows, and a smell of damp.

They were not long over their work. The boughs had been prepared beforehand, only small branches, fit for strewing on the floor, having been brought into the church.

"I *wish* we might decorate it elaborately, as we do for Christmas," earnestly exclaimed Mary Balme.

"Mr. Dudley said he would not agree to it," returned Georgina. "I asked him."

"I know. He calls this nonsense that we are doing now. Annis, what a nice lady that is in your drawing-room!"

"It is Miss Bellasyse, mamma's cousin. You have heard me talk of my Aunt Ruth?"

"Is she your aunt?"

"No. But I learned to call her Aunt Ruth when I was a little girl, and I shall never leave it off now. She is so good, so kind. Her days are spent nursing a relative, who is a confirmed invalid. Indeed, Aunt Ruth is little better than an invalid herself. She suffers from some chronic complaint, which causes her to walk lame."

"Old John, shall we put some laurustinus round your desk?"

"Better not, Miss Georgina; I should only have to take it off afore the rector saw it."

Georgina Balme laughed. They rather liked to tease old John. But he was used to them.

"I wonder if we may go up into the organ-loft and play a psalm?"

"Can't," responded John. "It's locked, and I haven't brought the key."

"Just like you, old John!" said Mary Balme. "I cannot think, for my part, why you keep the places inside of the church locked up so! Are you afraid of thieves getting in?"

"There'd not be much to steal if they did get in," was old John's reply. "It's my habit to keep the places locked, Miss; it's better that they should be kept so. When I am gone, and the rector gets a new clerk in my place, he may do as he likes—the new one may; but *I* am not a-going to leave them open. I suppose I can take out the barrow now?"

As the work was finished, there was no reason why he should not take it out. Throwing into it a few stray evergreens that remained over, he wheeled it outside, and left it at the churchyard gate. Then he returned to the church, and waited their departure.

But they were in no hurry to depart; and old John got tired, and sat down on a chair in the side aisle. Full of light-hearted happiness, this night visit to the church bore charms for them from its very novelty, and they forgot old John.

"We must go," said Annis at length. "Remember we have friends with us to-night."

They turned to depart. Georgina Balme was the first to go through the green baize doors. But she turned speedily back again; she had remembered old John. "Oh, there he is!" she said. "I thought perhaps he had gone to sleep."

Old John was putting out the lights, and when he came forth, they were standing in a cluster in the space I have called the vestibule, between the belfry and the vestry doors. One of the young ladies was proposing, amid some laughter, that they should hang a chain of evergreens from one door to the other. Of course she spoke it only in joke, but it served to detain them again. Old John went forward, and stood with the outer door in his hand, ready to lock it as soon as they should come forth, which they speedily did in a body; and he turned the keys, and took them out of the lock.

"I will carry them home for you, John," said Annis, as they hastened down the path. "You need not come on purpose to the rectory."

"The master told me I was to stop for supper to-night, Miss Annis, when I took in the keys."

"Oh, that is all right, then," returned Annis, gladly. And they made the best of their way to the rectory, while old John threw the keys into the truck and followed them, wheeling it along.

Annis cast her glance round the drawing-room when they entered it; but she did not see Mr. Olliver. In point of fact, she had scarcely expected to see him; for, had he returned, he would be sure to have come to the church to meet her; but, nevertheless, the not seeing him called up a feeling of disappointment. Colonel Balme was talking to the rector; Mrs. Balme sat near Miss Bellasyse; and Lady Katherine stood apart reading a note which had just been delivered to her. The note contained an apology from a family who were to have joined them for the evening; very old friends; the Lawreasons. One of the daughters had been poorly all day with cold and fever, and appeared to be growing so much worse that they did not like to quit her. A line of request was added that Mr. Olliver would call in to see her at once; they evidently took it for granted that he was at the rectory.

"I wondered what caused them to be so late," exclaimed Lady Katherine, as she turned to the room, and made known the news. "Is not Mr. Olliver back?"

"Not yet," said the rector. "I thought he would have been here before this. He has not been with you, I suppose?" he added, turning to the group just arrived from the church.

No, he had not been with them.

The evening went on; went on so long without any appearance of Mr. Olliver, that Annis's heart sunk within her. It would soon be too late for him to come; the time was drawing on for their guests to depart, for the rectory to close its doors on visitors; and then she should not see him again that night! No very great disappointment, you may think, considering that on the morrow they would be joined together beyond fear of separation; but it may be that you cannot understand the feelings of one who loves as did Annis Dudley. She supposed he had heard in some way of Miss Lawrenson's illness, had gone to see her, and was detained.

At the moment that this supposition was running through her mind, the door opened, and Mr. Lawreason appeared at it. He was a man of good property, residing a little beyond the church. He stood looking into the room, but did not attempt to enter. The rector saw him, and went forward.

"No, thank you, Mr. Dudley; I am not fit to come in. Look at my dress. I only want Olliver. Janey gets worse and worse; we cannot think what can be the matter with her. It is too bad of Oliver not to come up. Of course we know what might fit is, and can make allowances for him; but he might just come and give her a look."

"He is not here," said the rector.

"Not here! Is he out anywhere, then?"

"I am much surprised that he is not here," answered Mr. Dudley. "He went to see Mrs. Key, but that is some hours ago; I thought he would have been back long and long before this. I conclude he has been called out somewhere."

"I'll go down to his house, then. Many thanks, Lady Katherine; I can't stay,—Janey! Well, we begin to think now that it is an attack of inflammation on the chest. Mrs. Lawreason was very sorry not to come, but she could not leave her. I am looking after—"

"If you please, sir, Mr. Hill is asking to see you."

The interruption came from Jacob, a many-years' servant in the rectory. He was not accustomed to stand upon ceremony, and had bustled up to his master with the message, paying little heed to the courtesy due to his master's guests.

"Mr. Hill?" repeated the rector.

"Yes, sir. He asked for Mr. Olliver. I told him Mr. Olliver had not been here since he went out with you after dinner, and then he said he would see you. He—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Dudley—only one word," interposed Mr. Hill, coming forward. "Can you inform me where I shall find Mr. Oliver? I thought he was here."

"The very question; the very request I have been just making, Hill," observed Mr. Lawreason, as he shook hands with the doctor. "I want to find Olliver on my own score."

They both looked at Mr. Dudley.

"Olliver has not been back here," he said. "I parted with him just after we left the surgery," added the rector to Mr. Hill. "He went on down to the Brook Farm, and I have not seen him since."

Mr. Hill looked puzzled.

"I cannot think where he can be," he presently said. "Mr. Key is waiting at the surgery for certain medicinal remedies, which Mr. Olliver was to have sent down, and did not. Mrs. Key is worse to-night."

"Perhaps Mr. Olliver is staying there?" cried the rector.

"No; you do not understand," dissented Mr. Hill. "Mr. Olliver, when he got there to-night, found her so much worse, that he remained some time. He said—so Key tells me—that he would have remained longer, but that he wished to hasten home to send down some medicines which might prove a relief. But he never did come home. And Key, finding the things did not arrive, came up for them. I thought to be sure Mr. Oliver was here."

"He would not neglect the sending out of remedies to one in need of them, even to come here," remarked Mr. Dudley."

"Very true," answered the surgeon. "It would not be like him to do it. But what could I think! Where can he be?"

"I'm sure I don't know where he can be. It is very strange. Annis"—calling out to his daughter—"did Mr. Olliver—"

The rector's words died away. Leaning her head round the drawing-room door, was Annis, with a face so scared, so white, that it startled her father. She came forward into the hall, and stood with them.

"There's nothing to be alarmed at, child," said the clergyman, placing his hand kindly on her shoulder. "Why do you look so frightened? I was about to ask you if you knew of any place where Mr. Oliver is likely to have gone?"

"No," said Annis; "no. He was going to Mrs. Key's only, and he told me he should be back very shortly."

She put her handkerchief up to her face, as if she would hide its excessive pallor. A strange dread had taken possession of her; a dread as yet vague and undefined, pointing to nothing tangible.

"He must have called in upon some other patient," remarked the rector.

"I do not think so," said Mr. Hill. "By Key's account, his wife must be dangerously sick, and the medicines which Mr. Oliver was to send were of vital importance to her. Rely upon it, he would have come straight home the first thing, and sent them, whoever else may have wanted him."

"Then what can have become of him?" cried Mr. Dudley.

"That's what I am thinking of," was the assistant-surgeon's rejoinder.

"What I am thinking of is, what are the patients to do who are wanting him?" interposed Mr. Lawreason. A somewhat choleric man, he thought Mr. Olliver was doing a very unjustifiable thing in stopping away, wherever it might be that he was stopping. "You must come up to Janey, Hill; that's all."

"Certainly. I will attend with pleasure after I have been to Mrs. Key's," was the surgeon's reply. "I must go there first."

"But why?" asked Mr. Lawreason, with sharpness in his tone.

"From what Key says, I gather that the wife must be in danger. I cannot tell what to prescribe, unless I see him, and if that there's no time to be lost. Where we have been in the surgery, I and Key, waiting and waiting for Mr. Oliver to appear, he might so much good time lost."

"Well, you will come up as soon as you have been there, then?" rejoined Mr. Lawreason, feeling that he could not with propriety, hold out for the first visit.

"Instantly. I can cut across the fields from the Brook Farm. It will not take me many minutes to get to you that way. If not he, that I shall find Mr. Oliver in the surgery, now, as I go back; in which case he will no doubt attend. As I suppose you would prefer him to do."

"I don't much mind," replied Mr. Lawreason. "Only, I hope, whichever of you it is, will be as quick as possible. I think I will walk with you as far as Oliver's."

"I will go, too," said Mr. Dudley. "The fact is, I want to see Mr. Oliver. There are one or two little matters connected with to-morrow's arrangements which remain yet unsettled. They were left until to-night."

The conversation had attracted most of them into the hall. Colonel and Miss Balme and Lady Katherine stood in a sort of wonder: of wonder that any fuss should be made about so simple a matter as the absence of Mr. Olliver. The not entering when expected, must be looked for in a medical man. One thing must be said for them: they had not a sick child waiting for Mr. Oliver's attendance.

"The affair is easily explainable," remarked the Colonel, in a slighting tone, as if in reproof of the commotion. "Mr. Oliver must have met a messenger on his return from Key's, bringing him word of urgent need of his services somewhere. He will turn up presently."

This view was taken up and adopted. They appeared to forget that Mr. Hill, who might be supposed to know best, had given his decided opinion against it.

Adopted by all but Annis. The vague dread, she knew not of what, remained upon her, and the color would not come into her face, or the light to her eye. Mr. Dudley drew her aside.

"Child! why are you looking like this?"

"Papa, I don't know," she answered, with a shiver; "I feel frightened, but I can't tell at what. It is so *strange* where he can be."

"Not very strange, Annis. Remember how many times Mr. Oliver has been detained out before, when we have been expecting him. Detained for hours."

"Yes, I know, papa," she said, trying to hide the trembling of her lips. "I am sorry to be so foolish, but I cannot help it."

"You little goose!" he said, bending to kiss her. "What would you have done, pray, had your mamma's wishes been followed, and we had given Mr. Oliver his *congé*?"

A half smile flitted over her lips, and the tears glistened on her eyelashes as she lifted them. Mr. Dudley laughed at her, and followed Mr. Hill and Mr. Lawreason, who were half-way down the garden.

Mr. Olliver's house reached, they found he had not arrived. The farmer was still sitting in the surgery. They questioned him as to the precise time that Mr. Olliver had quitted his house, but he could not tell; he had not been home until afterwards.

Nothing could be done, except that Mr. Hill should proceed at once on the visit to Mrs. Key. He took with him the medicines which he thought might prove efficacious, though he could not be sure until he saw her. Mr. Lawreason said he would walk with him; it may be that he deemed himself surer of securing the visit to his daughter, did he keep in the surgeon's company. The rector went also; he could not bear to carry home uncertainty to Annis.

"There goes eleven!" exclaimed Mr. Key, as the church clock struck the hour, and its echoes came borne on the air in the still night. "And I left home before nine. I wonder how the wife is."

They rang at the gate when they reached the Brook Farm, and Nancy came out with her key to unlock it. Her mistress was not worse, she said; a little better, in fact, but impatient for the medicines. Mr. Hill and the farmer hastened in; the rector and Mr. Lawreason, declining the invitation to enter, preferred to wait outside. Mr. Dudley detained the servant to question her.

Mr. Olliver had found her mistress worse, she said; in dreadful pain. It was the old complaint in her side, but a very bad attack, and he seemed to think there was danger. He stopped at the house the best part of an hour, she thought, and put on the hot fomentations himself. They seemed to relieve her mistress a very little, but not so much as Mr. Olliver thought they ought, and he then said he would hasten home and send down some other remedies.

"And I suppose he came off towards home?" observed Mr. Lawreason, a doubt crossing him whether the doctor might not have had some other visit to pay farther on.

"That he did," was Nancy's answer. "I came here to lock the gate after him, sir, and I watched him away. A sharp pace he stepped out at, too. Did master say, sir, that he had not got home yet?"

"Mr. Le has not got home," testily returned Mr. Lawrenson. "And there are patients waiting for him; half a hundred, for all I know."

A pause ensued. Nancy was leaning on the gate. "Sure he can't have gone and fell into the mill-stream!" she exclaimed.

"The mill stream!" repeated Mr. Dudley. "Did he go that way?"

"Yes, he did," said Nancy. "He crossed the road, sir, and got over the stile. I thought to myself it was a nasty way to take at night, with the waters so high as they have been, and that unsafe bridge; but I suppose he was in a hurry to get down the thing for my missis."

Had any foreshadowing of evil crossed hitherto the clergyman's mind, as it had that of Annis? Perhaps not. But the dread rose up tumultuously now. He said a word to Mr. Lawrenson.

"It can't be," replied that gentleman. "It's impossible. Such a thing was never heard of."

Mr. Hill was not very long before he came out, and they crossed the road and the stile; the way taken, according to Nancy, by Mr. Oliver. Not that they had any intention of attempting the unsafe way. A detour to the left, before they came to the bridge, would take them to a lane which led close to Mr. Lawrenson's house. As if by common consent, however, they bore on towards the bridge. Clear and cold looked the water in the moonlight, as it coursed on towards the mill-dam. Everything around was perfectly still; and there was certainly no trace of Mr. Oliver having fallen into it. But what trace would there be, allowing that such a calamity had happened? The ground rose on the other side above this wretched bridge, and the banks were muddy.

"Pshaw!" cried Mr. Lawrenson, who was the first to speak as they were taking their survey. "An active, sure-stepping man, as Oliver is, would not be likely to lose his footing by night any more than by day. For the matter of that, the night's nearly as light as day," he added, glancing up at the bright moon.

Mr. Dudley extended his hand, and pointed to the bank on the other side.

"Does it not look as though somebody had slipped there?" he said. "To my eyes—but they are not so young as they were—it seems that two feet, or two knees, had been sliding downwards."

"It looks exactly like it," said Mr. Hill, bending his face forward. "Some one evidently has slipped. I should say, in attempting to step up the bank after crossing the bridge, must have slipped backwards."

"But they'd not slip into the water; they'd slip on to the bridge," observed Mr. Lawrenson. "There'd be no danger in that."

"True. And it is not obliged to have been Mr. Oliver. The only danger in crossing this bridge lies in its unprotected sides," added the doctor. "And I know none with a steadier eye and foot than Mr. Oliver. Who's this?"

Footsteps were approaching, and they turned to the sound. It proved to be the miller's servant-boy, Ben, who was returning to the mill from some errand on which he had been sent. He looked considerably surprised to see those gentlemen there, watching, as it seemed, the water.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked, touching his cap to Mr. Dudley.

"Not exactly, Ben," replied Mr. Dudley. "At least, we hope not. You have heard no commotion here to-night, I suppose, as if—as if—anybody had fallen into the water?"

But, in truth, the rector almost blushed when he had put the question. It seemed so improbable a fear when spoken openly; almost an absurd fear; not unlike a far-fetched incident in some wild romance. Ben, the boy, met it unromantically enough.

"Who Axe fell in?" asked he.

"The fact is, Ben, we were looking for Mr. Oliver," interposed Mr. Lawrenson, somewhat bluntly. He came over this bridge, as is supposed, from the Brook Farm to-night, and nobody has seen him since. But he is not likely to have fallen in."

Ben advanced to the very edge of the bank, and stood looking into the water; for what purpose, he alone knew.

"Not he," cried he presently; "Dr. Oliver could cross over there with his eyes shut, he could. He goes over it often enough. Why, I saw him cross over it this afternoon with my own eyes, I did. I couldn't do it safer nor he."

There was nothing to be gained by lingering, and they turned on their road, saying good-night to Ben. Leaving the church and churchyard on the right, they gained the high road of Hilton-Coombe. There they shook hands and separated. Mr. Lawrenson and the doctor turned to the left, Mr. Dudley to the right.

A short way, and he passed the church and churchyard, the gravestones looking white and cold in the moonlight. Would that proposed ceremony take place in it on the morrow?—or had anything happened to him, who was to hold—it may be said—the most prominent part in it? If so—poor Annis! poor Annis!

She—Annis—came forward to meet him in the hall as he entered, eager inquiry in her eye—not on her lip; her agitation was too great. The question on Mr. Dudley's tongue had been, "Has he come in yet?" but somehow he could not put it.

"They think he must have been called suddenly to see some other patient on his return from Mrs. Key's, Annis," said the rector, quietly. He knew not what better to say.

"Then you have not found him?" And the words seemed to come forth with a burst—the burst of pent-up emotion.

"Not yet, child. We might find him if we knew where to look for him."

"Oh, papa!" she uttered, raising her streaming eyes to his, "perhaps he will never be found again!"

"A good thing that she can cry," thought the rector.

"My dear," he said, gravely and kindly, as he laid his hand upon her head, "we are told not to anticipate evil."

"I cannot help it," she murmured: "I wish I could. I never felt as I am feeling to-night."

"It is nervousness, child; nothing else. Try and shake it off."

Their guests were gone them, and Lady Katherine and Miss Bellasyse were in the drawing-room alone. They could not by any means admit the fear; they could not see cause for any fear. Lady Katherine was not of excitable mind; she was particularly unimaginative. Mr. Oliver was detained out with some patient, was all she said. Neither could Miss Bellasyse view the thing in an apprehensive light. It must be remembered that they knew nothing of his having crossed the stream; in fact, Miss Bellasyse, nearly a stranger to the locality, was not aware of there being any stream to cross.

"You must be tired, Ruth," said Lady Katherine. "It is past bed-time. Are the candles there, Annis?"

"Oh, mamma, we cannot go to bed yet!" exclaimed Annis, clasping her hands. "Pray sit up a little longer!"

Lady Katherine, who had a book in her hand, turning over its leaves, put it down and stared at her.

"What can you possibly mean, Annis? Do you know that you are making yourself highly ridiculous!"

Annis gave no reply. She was seated at the back of the room, but they could see that her lips were twitching, and her fingers trembling on her lap.

Miss Bellasyse turned to her, and spoke.

"You cannot *really* be fearing that any untoward thing has happened to Mr. Oliver, Annis!"

"It is nervousness, I tell her," said Mr. Dudley. "She is feeling nervous to-night; naturally, perhaps. I suppose she cannot help it."

"But—good gracious! I never heard of such a thing!" remonstrated Lady Katherine. "Why, if anything had happened to Mr. Oliver—in the light you seem to insinuate, Annis—there could be no wedding! What would become of all the preparations?—the servants will be up half the night yet. What would become of the breakfast?"

Very pertinent questions. The breakfast and the preparations were clearly good reasons why the bridegroom should appear. Poor Annis lifted her white face.

"But where can he be?" she could only reiterate.

"Where?" angrily rejoined Lady Katherine, "where should he be, but with his sick? I hope *some* you see the disadvantages of marrying a doctor."

Mr. Dudley rose. It cannot be denied that he was growing uneasy himself; but the feeling may have been caught from Annis. He went through the hall, out at the porch, and walked towards the gate; some idea of watching for Mr. Hill on his road home from Mr. Lawrenson's inducing the movement. It might be a relief further to discuss the probabilities and the improbabilities with the assistant-surgeon.

He was barely in time. Mr. Hill was striding past with long steps. The rector arrested him.

"Miss Lawrenson is not very ill," cried he. "It is a violent cold on the chest, nothing more. Is Mr. Oliver back yet?"

"No, he is not," replied the rector. "Do you know, I am beginning to—"

The rector stopped. Some one had come stealing up behind him. It was Annis, unable in her restlessness to be still.

"Papa, why have you come out?" she asked. And then she saw Mr. Hill standing there.

"This foolish child is fearful that something may have happened," said the rector. "Lady Katherine argues that he can only be with his sick patients."

"There is no real fear, Miss Dudley," observed Mr. Hill to her in a kind tone. "It is strange where he can be, I do not deny it; but, depend upon it, it will turn out all right."

With a hasty farewell he walked on. Mr. Dudley remained at the gate a few minutes, and then turned slowly up the garden path, his arm round his daughter. Not a word was spoken between them. Annis felt sick with suspense: and Mr. Dudley probably deemed that any attempt to cheer her would but be a mockery.

Scarcely had Annis gained the drawing-room, and Mr. Dudley was yet in the middle of the hall, when there arose a sound as of hasty footsteps outside; and a gentle knocking—a knocking as if the knock did not want to make itself heard too much—came to the door. The rector turned and opened it. There stood Mr. Hill, and with him the miller's boy, Ben. The rector's eyes fell on the latter, and a rush of dread came bounding to his heart.

They were holding out a cane. A small cane with a silver top, which belonged to Mr. Oliver; he had carried it with him when he went forth that night. Both began to speak at once, in a subdued tone; but the words reached Annis's ears in the distance, and seemed to blister them.

There could no longer be any doubt of Mr. Oliver's fate—that he was drowned in the stream. The miller's son had picked up the cane floating on it some hours before. It had gone floating down towards the mill just about the time that he must have attempted to cross the bridge.

"What do they say?—*what?*" uttered Lady Katherine, who caught but imperfectly the sounds of the commotion. "What is that, about Mr. Oliver?"

Annis turned to her; her livid face a sight in its rigid stillness. Now that the blow had fallen, she was unnaturally calm; but it seemed the calm of a broken heart.

"He is dead, mamma," she quietly said. "You have got your wish."

And the Lady Katherine Dudley, as she gathered in the full sense of the words, shrieked out aloud and fell backward. For the first time in her life she had fainted away.

III.—OLD JOHN'S FRIGHT.

"Oh, my dear child, I did not mean it—I did not mean it! Forgive me, Annis! forgive me!"

What a night it had been! How she had got through it, Annis knew not. Not a soul in the house had been to bed. Lady Katherine had been kept in her chamber by sedatives; and now she had come forth from it to throw herself at the feet of her daughter.

Annis leaned forward and kissed her; she strove to raise her. The same unnatural calm was still in her white face, in her bearing, the same meek stillness in her quiet voice. Lady Katherine would not be raised.

"Annis, I loved him; I did indeed. It was all my folly, my temper, speaking against him. At the time I spoke it, I knew it was false, for I *did* like him."

"Yes, yes, dear mamma. *Pray* get up."

"I did not mean what I said," she shuddered. "If I did say I wished him dead, it—it—could not have brought the death upon him. I did not really wish it. I said it in my fractious spirit. Annis, love, I would give all I am worth to bring him back to life. Why, why did he attempt to cross that dangerous stream?"

Give all she was worth to bring him back to life? How many of us pour forth the same unavailing wish, for evil done, or said, or rendered, to those who are gone! And we can only prostrate ourselves in the dust, as Lady Katherine did, and wail out our repentance in vain.

All was arrested. The preparations, which had been so much thought of, were stopped midway, and the servants stood in dismay over the half-laid tables, uncertain whether to finish them, or to remove what was already on them, or to leave them incomplete. What was to become of the wedding breakfast? the meats, the fowls, the game, the sweets? What was to become of the grand wedding-cake? Trivial doubts and dilemmas, you will say, by the side of that awful news which had come; but they concerned the servants, and were by them indulged in.

"What comfort can I speak to you, my poor child?" asked Miss Bellasyse, getting Annis to herself, and sheltering her aching head upon her bosom.

"None just yet, Aunt Ruth," was the subdued answer. "I do not know that I could bear it."

"But, my dear child, this apathy, this absence of emotion, is unnatural," urged Miss Bellasyse, who was fearing from it she knew not what of consequences. "Better that you should give way, and weep."

"I cant," said Annis; "my eyes burn so."

Was she going out of her mind? Miss Bellasyse felt her own pulses quicken at the fear. "My dear," she gravely said, "you must bear up for your father and mother's sake. You are all they have."

"Oh, yes, I shall bear up. I shall not die. I may get better, Aunt Ruth, when the years have gone on."

"The *years*!" ejaculated Miss Bellasyse, aghast at the word.

"It will take me a long while," she simply answered. "You cannot tell what he was to me."

Miss Bellasyse leaned her head upon her hand, and looked at Annis, her eyes, her tone, full of solemn meaning. "Do you know, Annis, that I believe there arises in all our lives some one especial period, above all others, when we have most need of God?—when, but for God's sheltering hand, we might lie down under our grievous weight of sorrow, and die? Such a time is this, for you."

"Yes," answered Annis, speaking with somewhat less of apathy.

"But God *is* with us, my child. He is with you, be assured, and will bear you up through this dreadful trial. Put your whole trust in him."

"I will, I will," she said, with energy, a revulsion of feeling coming over her. And she burst into a flood of distressing tears.

Miss Bellasyse left her. She thought it might be better that the grief should have full vent. Outside the door stood Lady Katherine, listening to the sounds of distress.

"Oh, Ruth, what shall I do?" she cried, in anguish. "We cannot comfort her. We cannot bring him back to life! That wicked wish will haunt me to my dying day."

"Your consolation must be that you did not mean it," murmured Miss Bellasyse, knowing not what else to say. "It was spoken impulsively; without thought; we are all too apt so to speak."

"No, I did not mean it, I did not mean it," bewailed Lady Katherine, wringing her hands. "God knows I did not. And yet—how shall I dare ask forgiveness of him?"

If any lingering doubt, suggesting a glimmer of hope, had remained in the mind of the rector during the night, the morning dispelled it. A hundred times during those long hours had the argument presented itself to his reason: Mr. Oliver might have dropped this cane, might have gone off afterwards to see some patient, and would be home again in the morning. But the morning broke, and brought him not. With the first glimmer of dawn Hilton-Coombe was astir, for the calamity touched its inhabitants in no measured degree. Apart from the distressing character of the accident,—and it would have been distressing happening no matter to whom,—Mr. Oliver was a favorite with all. In himself, as in his professional capacity, he enjoyed the esteem, the respect, it may be said the admiration of Hilton-Coombe. The banks of the stream were crowded. People flocked down thither, seeking traces of the accident. The marks, discerned by Mr. Dudley the previous night, imparting the idea that some one had slipped in stepping up the bank after crossing the bridge, and had slid back again, were examined with anxious curiosity. The marks were quite deep in the mud, but sufficiently clear: in fact, the mud seemed much disturbed, as though some one had completely fallen there. The miller's son told the tale of his finding the cane over and over again; no sooner had one set of listeners heard it, than they were replaced by another. He had gone on in the stream in his punt, in pursuance of something required in his business, when he saw the cane come floating down towards him. He picked it up, and when he went in-doors, carried it with him. Some hours afterwards, when Ben entered, he mentioned that Mr. Oliver was supposed to be missing, and it then flashed over the mind of both that this was Mr. Oliver's cane; they recognized it, now the clue was given. "You had better run with it at once to the rectory," the young man said to Ben. All this gossip was retailed over again and again, and preparations were made for dragging the stream.

The morning went on. At ten o'clock old John came to the rectory for the church keys. Mr. Dudley went out to him, looking pale and ill. The loss of Mr. Oliver, whom he so greatly liked and esteemed, and the rending of his daughter's happiness, were indeed heavy trials to him.

"What do you want the keys for, John?" he asked.

"The church was to be opened at ten o'clock, ready for the wedding," was old John's sapient response.

"But there can be no wedding. What are you thinking of?"

Old John deliberated. "And them green things that we put in the church last night? I might as well go and clear 'em away, sir."

A strangely keen pang shot across Mr. Dudley's heart. The evergreens which had been placed there for so different a purpose, to be swept away ignominiously now! Somehow he could not bear to order it.

"Not just yet, John; not just yet. There's plenty of time."

"Very well, sir. But he is certain to be dead, poor gentleman. If he was in life, he'd be here fast enough for his own wedding."

"I know he is dead—that there is no hope," wailed the rector. "But—don't sweep the boughs away yet. Those windows overlook the churchyard, and it will bring the calamity all the more forcibly home to—to Lady Katherine.

The clerk took his departure. Presently a crowd came up from the stream and sought the rector. The drags had been plied, but they had brought forth nothing. Still there could not be a doubt of Mr. Oliver's fate: his non-appearance to fulfill the contract of his marriage proved it. Would Mr. Dudley order the death-bell to be tolled for him?

Oh, no! not then! How could they, the rectory's inmates, bear the sound of the death-bell, ringing out at the very hour that, if all had gone right, those other bells, the joyous ones, would have rung out? "My daughter could not bear it," he said to them.

"True, true," they answered, struck with compunction for their want of thought. "Poor Miss Dudley! What a wedding-day! what a wedding-day!"

The day dragged itself on, and the shades of evening began to fall. The rectory that day had been like a fair, people tramping in and out of it. Hilton-Coombe made the calamity its own, and pressed its friendly sympathy, its lamentings, on the rectory in person. Had testimony been needed by Mr. Dudley and Lady Katherine of the worth of their intended son in law, of the estimation in which he was held, that day would have supplied it. Many a case of benevolence, exercised in his professional capacity, of considerate kindness to the poor, which otherwise would never have been held up to the light, was poured forth then. "What a good man we have lost," breathed Lady Katherine, as she wiped the dews of remorse from her troubled face.

"How do you feel, my child?" whispered the rector, approaching the sofa where Annis sat so still and quiet, her head bent in the dusk of the evening.

She turned and laid it upon his arm, not speaking.

"Remember our Father's promise," he continued, bending his lips on her cold cheek. "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

"Yes, yes, papa," she breathed. "It is his strength which is keeping me up, not mine."

That troublesome old John again! The rector was called out to him. "Them boughs, sir? Be they not to be got out of the church to-night? It'll never do to let 'em stop in for service to-morrow. The folks would do nothing but stare at 'em."

"For service to-morrow?" mechanically repeated Mr. Dudley.

"It will be the 1st of November, sir; All Saints' Day."

In his great trouble, the rector had positively forgotten the fact. For once in his life the coming day, marked in the Church calendar, had slipped his memory.

"To be sure, to be sure," he cried. "Clear the evergreens out at once, John. It is dusk now, and you may escape spectators."

Old John took the keys, and made the best of his way to the church. He had barely entered it, when a sharp knocking came sounding right in his face, inside the vestry door.

"Lawk a mercy!" ejaculated he, startled half out of his senses.

The knocking came again, sharper than before. It may be that a thought of ghosts crossed John's mind, causing him to hesitate; to doubt whether he should not run out of the church, bellowing, and alarm the neighborhood. But ghosts don't knock, or speak either; and this one was calling out, in unmistakably stentorian tones, "Let me out! Open the door!"

The vestry door—it has, however, been explained, that though called the vestry door, it was only the door of a small place leading to the vestry—opened from the outside alone. The clerk turned the latch, and—saw Mr. Oliver.

"Heaven be good to us!" he repeated. "Then—are—you—not at the bottom of the mill-stream, sir?"

"I hope not," replied Mr. Oliver. "Am I supposed to be there, John?"

"Well, yes," said John. "The drags have been at work all day; but they haven't fished you up yet."

He sat down on a gravestone to overget his astonishment, and stared at Mr. Oliver. That gentleman did not present a very reputable appearance, inasmuch as the front of his black evening suit was a mass of mud, which had dried on.

"Have you been in there all this time, sir?"

"Yes, I have; since you quitted the church, last night, after decorating it."

The story was soon told. It was a very simple one. In passing over the bridge the previous night, Mr. Oliver by some means let fall his cane. Making a spring to catch it, he fell down upon the muddy bank, hands and knees and clothes, and slid downwards in the slippery mud. The cane went floating along the stream, and Mr. Oliver was a sight to be seen in his state of mind. There was no time to look after the cane; poor Mrs. Key was in urgent need of her medicines, and he hastened on by the path leading through the churchyard. The lights and voices in the church attracted him to enter; he knew what they were doing, that merry group, and he intended to treat himself to a secret peep. But, at the same moment, the inner doors opened; Georgina Balme came forth; and Mr. Oliver, not caring to be seen in his muddy attire, slipped inside the open door of the vestry passage. There he waited until the coast should be clear again; and there he got—shut in. Old John closed the door in passing it; and it was only by the silence that supervened that Mr. Oliver awoke at length to the unpleasant fact that he was fast, and the church empty. He tried the vestry door, but teat was also fast—thanks to the clerk's habit of locking every place up; he shouted and knocked, but without much hope of being heard. In fact, there was no probability that he could be heard; the passage was an inner passage, and any noise made in it would not be likely to penetrate outside. And there he had remained, with the best patience he could call up.

"I should think you are hungry, sir," cried John, unromantically. "What a blessed sight you'll be for Miss Annis!"

She—Annis—was still sitting on the sofa as her father had left her, alone in the room. Mr. Oliver went in quietly; he had gone straight up from the church, in spite of his muddy clothes.

"Annis!"

She started up at the voice, her eyes staring fitfully. Did she think it his ghost—as perhaps old John had thought? But there was no time to give way to fear, for Mr. Oliver caught her to him, and sheltered her on his bosom.

"I am not dead, my darling. I hear you have been fearing it." And Annis burst into delicious tears.

The news spread through the house, and everybody in it came flocking in. Mr. Oliver thought his hand would have been shaken off. Lady Katherine seized hold of him, and—gave him a hearty kiss.

"This past night and day have taught me to appreciate you, Mr. Oliver, if I never did before. I shall give her to you with all my whole heart."

He laughed with pleasure, and grasped Lady Katherine's hand in his.

"Does anybody know how Mrs. Key is?" he inquired.

"Better. She—"

A joyous peal of ringing bells burst out from the church, hard by. The clerk, in his own responsibility, had set some ringers to work. But, as he had not remained with them, for there was his happy old face peeping into the room, and singling out the rector.

"About them evergreens, sir? Be they to be cleared out now, or to be left for to-morrow morning?"

Mr. Dudley turned his eyes on Mr. Oliver, on his daughter's blushing face, and read the signs.

"You may as well let them be, John," said he. "I suppose a marriage celebrated on All Saints' Day will stand good?"

"I expect it will," replied John. And he went to help the ringers.

"How merciful has God been to me this night!" was the concluding thought of Lady Katherine Dudley.

☞ A correspondent of a St. John paper, writing from Halifax, Nova Scotia, says:—"It is a strange, deplorable fact, that fully 50 per cent. of the young men of this province leave it early, and at an age, I might say, when they are just the bone and sinew of the country, and seek an asylum in a foreign land (the United States) there to earn fame as well as a comfortable livelihood, which if they remained here a hundred years they never could accomplish."

☞ "Gold is, in its last analysis, the sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave."—*Joseph Napoleon.*

☞ Lord Peterborough, after a visit to Fenelon, said:—"He was cast in a particular mould, that was never used for anybody else; he is a delicious creature! But I was forced to get away from him as fast as I could, else he would have made me pious."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1864.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIR," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
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A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected now at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2.00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

The Russian Ball in New York.

The great ball which took place on the evening of the 5th, at the New York Academy, in honor of the Russian fleet officers, is described as a magnificent affair, attended by over two thousand persons. The Tribune describes the most interesting features of the occasion as follows:

THE TOILETTES.

A lady as she rises from her rosy slumbers is no more the being that whirls in the gas-light waltz or bounds in the exhilarating gallop in all the wonder of a toilette unimpeachable as the style of 1863, that is a bird in the prairie wilds the name that tickles the palate of a gastronome after Demonico's cuisine has exhausted itself in its fusible dressing and its outside garnishing, and the subtle flavor of some wondrous sauce piquante. Woman, since she first smiled in Eden, a wonder in beauty, and sells at $1.19@ a charm, is nowhere more to be marvelled at than when regarded as a being who dresses.

Flora McFlimsey's race is daily added unto. Our women have one fault at present—they dress too much, neglect individuality, and only seem to study how they may increase the cost of a costume, destroy its character, and make it only a wonder, and not a charm. When the face appears insignificant in contrast to the finery, it is high time the rival should be deposed.

The Russian ball was a marvel of la mode; no human pen could begin to trace the manifestations of her madness; no brain so strong as not to whirl in the remembrance of the mazes of attire, the redundance of puffings, and trifflings, and festings, of ruchings, and plaitings, and gauffrings, of ruffles, and tarletane, and *crene lisse*, satin, silk, more velvets, brocade taffetas, and glace. "Mosley's the only wear" for gas-light gatherings, and whose shall be the oddest juxtaposition of material the only rivalry. It is the most invidious to select any from the kaleidoscopic splendor and confusion of the ever-shifting, waving crowd, but some few toilettes remain photographed upon this mental plate.

One of the most striking costumes of the evening was worn by the handsome lady of one of our citizens, consisting of a black dress of a cloud-like texture, whose double skirts were embroidered in gold, and edged with heavy gold fringe; the garniture accompanying it was poppies and golden wheat sheaves.

Another interesting effect was produced by a dress of tulle; in its hem was run a broad cherry-colored ribbon, and this was headed by a wilderness of tulle puffings; a *rose tunique* of cherry-hued silk fell low behind, and was caught up in front; at the sides were fanchons decorated with wide blonde lace, which also edged the silk skirt. The head-dress was composed of cherry ribbons, and a white rose placed star-like and military high over the forehead jewels of costly brilliants.

A mauve more antique was worn by a well-known lady of our city, furnished with a superb volantes of point lace, and coiffure of poit ix lace and full-blown roses.

A heavy silk dress of a shade between *lava* and *cuir* colors had the plain long skirt trimmed with a wide flounce of elegant white point applique lace, reaching above the knee, headed by a velvet of a light golden brown hue, applied in Vandyked points over wapping lace, this turning to one side, gradually narrowed to the waist; the berthe *en suite*, all finished with bouquets of white and pink roses.

In statuesque simplicity stood a lady robed in a black velvet dress, severe in studied plainness, a white *point de Bruxelle* cape defined the shoulders, while her hair, sweeping back from a broad brow, was held by a simple pearl comb. Her appearance was like the touch of a cool hand upon a fevered brow.

Also a white dress, the skirt defined by fluted ruffles, headed by black Chantilly lace insertions, with sash to match, and modest head-gear, escaped the censure of too great profusion.

As a contrast, was noticed a heavy white silk, the skirt of which, to the depth of half a yard, was hidden by free puffs of azurline blue silk. This was overtopped by a couple of wide flounces of black lace with airy headings, the bodice a misty creation of white, black, and blue—while the brain covering of the lady who bore the mixture was adorned with a long white ostrich feather, and a profusion of lace, roses, jewels, and falling masses of hair.

Some elegant dresses were made of rich velvets of mauve, garnet, blue, and black velvets, mostly joined with costly laces. A few brilliant scarlet dresses lent brilliancy to the radiant scene; one made with a square bodice a la Maintenon was both Russian and military in its style, with high under bodice and tight sleeves.

As for jewels and flowers, had the girl in the fairy tale, whose lips dropped them at every charmed word, delivered a four days' speech, they could not have shown upon the dazzled sight in greater profuseness. At this late or early hour, the whole phantasmagoria floats like the tangled web of a midsummer night's dream, and so, like Macbeth, let one and all "to bed, to bed!"

GEN. ROSECRANS' ABSENCE FROM THE FIELD AT CHICKAMAUGA.—A correspondent of the Times gives the following explanation of the absence of Gen. Rosecrans from the field of Chickamauga on the second day of the battle:—

During the early part of Sunday, the perfect attack of the overwhelming forces of the rebels made it obvious to all that the United States forces would have to fall back to some more secure position nearer to Chattanooga. Gen. Rosecrans never having been in Chattanooga, (nor nearer than he was on that day,) rode forward to that place to select his new line of defence, leaving the army under the charge of his corps commanders. It was after he left that the forces under McCook and Crittenden were thrown into confusion. These facts give the only reasons for the presence of the Commanding General in Chattanooga, but do not excuse his lieutenants in the slightest degree. When it becomes necessary for an army to fall back to a position in the rear, it is unusual for the commander, unless he has been previously acquainted with the locality, to examine the ground in person. The fact that neither Rosecrans nor his army, (with the exception of a portion of Crittenden's corps,) were ever in Chattanooga until after the battle, has not been sufficiently impressed upon the public mind.

☞ A sour temper bites ugly lines into one's face like aquafortis.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour is firm but quiet at fully former rates; 10,000 bbls taken in lots at $5.25@5.50 for low grade and good superfine, $6@7 for extras, the latter for choice Lancaster county, $6.75@7.50 for old stock and good fresh ground extra family, and $8 for fancy Ohio. The sales to the trade are moderate within the same range of prices, according to brand and quality, and $8@10 ₱ bbl for high grade fancies. Rye Flour is scarce, and small sales are reported at $5.25@5.50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal, there is little or none coming in. Pennsylvania Meal is wanted. Brandywine is better and sold at $5.50 ₱ bbl. Of Buckwheat there is very little coming in as yet.

GRAIN.—There is a steady demand for wheat; sales comprise about 40,000 bus, taken in lots and milling, at $1.47@1.50 for fair to prime Western and Pennsylvania reds; $1.50@1.54 for good and choice southern do; $1.56 for amber, and $1.65 to 83 for white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye comes in slowly, and sells at $1.19@1.20. Corn is unsettled and lower, and some 40,000 bus have been disposed of at $1@1.07 for inferior to prime mixed and yellow, and $1@1.04 for white, and but little prime here. Oats are steady, with further sales 25,000 bus at 60c weight. Of Barley some small sales are reported at $1.25@1.40, and Barley Malt at $1.60 @1.62.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the hog product is firmer, with sales of 1000 bbls Mess Pork at $19@19.17 for old and new. Beef is steady at $12@13 for Western and city Mess. Bacon Hams are quiet at 12@13c for plain and fancy barged, and Sides at 7@7½c. Shoulders are nominal, with sales at 6¾@7c. Of salted Meats small sales are making at 9¾@9¾c for Hams, and 6¼@6¾c for Shoulders, 50 casks newly packed Hams brought 11c. Lard is held at 11¾ @12c for prime in bbls and tcs, and 12¾c for kegs, with sales at the former rate. Butter is firm but rather quiet; we quote Penna and Ohio at 18@ 20c for common to prime, and New York at 18 @20, the latter for choice in small pkgs. Cheese is worth 13@16c, and fine scarce. Eggs are in request at an advance, selling at 24c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—The market has been unsettled and lower, a few small lots have been disposed of at irregular rates, ranging from 88 to 90c for middling and good middling quality.

ASHES continue firm, with about the usual business to note in Pots and Pearls.

BARK.—Quercitron has declined $4@5 ₱ ton, and about 140 hhds ist No 1 found buyers, part at $38@39. Tanners' Bark comes in slowly and finds ready sale at quotations.

COAL.—The market continues excited. The high prices has a tendency to check business. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton, $8,00@8.50; Prepared do $8,00@8.50; Red Ash do $8.00@ 8.75; Lehigh Lump do $8.50; Prepared do $8.50 by retail; do $9,00@9.50; Schuylkill Prepared do $9,00@9.25.

COFFEE.—The market is firm but dull, with a few small sales, mostly Rio, at 50@53c, cash and time.

COPPER is quiet but steady, and the sales mostly confined to Yellow Metal at 30c for Sheets and bolts, on time.

FEATHERS continue scarce and high, and Western are selling on arrival at 56@58c ₱ lb.

FRUIT.—Of green fruit we note sales of Apples at $1.50@2.50, and Cranberries at $9@ 11 ₱ bbl. Dried fruit comes in slowly, and prices are not yet fully established. We quote Apples at 5@7c, and Peaches, at 6@8c ₱ lb for unpared.

HAY is firmer, and selling freely at $28@33 ₱ ton.

HEMP.—There is no change in price or demand, and but little stock here.

HOPS are firm, and now sell as wanted at 26 @28c ₱ lb for eastern and western.

IRON.—The demand is active, and the market excited, at 8c@9c cash, for Anthracite No. 1; Scotch Pig is scarce, and manufactured Iron tending up.

LEAD is less firm. A sale of 1040 pigs Galena was made on terms we did not learn.

LUMBER arrives slowly, and meets with ready sale at a further advance. White Pine Boards sell freely at $36@38; Yellow Sap $32@34; Hemlock do $18; and Scantling at $15. Lathe are also better, and quoted at $1,75@2, and White Pine Shingles nearly steady at $19@22 ₱ M.

MOLASSES.—There is little or no stock here in first hands; the demand is good, and the receipts include small lots of Cuba and New Orleans at full prices.

OILS.—Petroleum is unsettled and lower, at 43@45c for refined, in bond; prices here are nominal at 70c for bonded, and 75@80c for free. Of Crude there is little or none selling to establish a quotation, and the price is nominal at 30@37c.

PLASTER is unchanged, with further sales at $4,00@4,75 ₱ ton.

RICE.—The market is firm but quiet at 7¼@ 7¾c for East Indis.

SEEDS.—Clovereed come in slowly and meets with ready sales at $6,50@7. Timothy is steady, and 1300 bus sold at $2,50@2,75 ₱ bus, mostly at the former rate. Flaxseed is taken on arrival at $3,10@315 ₱ bus

SPIRITS.—There is a firm feeling in Brandy and Gin. N. E. Rum is firm at 72@73c. Whiskey is more active, sales of bbls at 61c, bhds at 59½c, and drudge at 59c.

SUGARS are ¼@¼ better. Sales comprise 2100 hhds, most Cuba, at 12¼@12¾c, and 350 boxes at 11¾@12¼c, on the usual credit.

TALLOW is firmer, with sales at 11¾@12c ₱ lb for rendered.

WOOL is firm: small lots of low grade Kentucky leaf at 10@12c ₱ lb. Pennsylvania seed leaf commands full rates.

WOOL has been more active with large sales, and some 500,000 lbs, mostly of pulled, have been taken at a further advance, prices ranging from 80 to 86c, mostly at 80@83c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3267 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 10 cts ₱ lb. 350 Cows brought from $30 to 35 ₱ head. 3500 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 5¾c ₱ lb gross. 177 Hogs brought from $6,25 to 7,75 ₱ cwt net.

PITY FOR THE MISERABLES.
PITY FOR THE MISERABLES.
PITY FOR THE MISERABLES.
HOPE IS LEFT FOR THE MISERABLES.

Disease eaten victims of Scrofula, Fever Sores, Sore Legs, Running Sores, Salt Rheum, Skin Eruptions, Swollen Glands, Nodes, &c. These pitiful objects of disease, whose infirmities keep them out of society, and imprison them in solitude, are assured rapid deliverance from disease by the use of Dr. RADWAY'S CLEANSING SYRUP, called RENOVATING RESOLVENT. A few doses will prove its matchless superiority to all sarsaparillas, and from one to six bottles perfect a cure. This remedy will restore the sufferer to health and society, invest him with a sound and healthy body, rich and pure blood. Price one dollar per bottle.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

DISEASES OF THE EYE, EAR, FITS, EPILEPSY, and all chronic diseases are cured by DR. CLARK, at 349 North Fifth street, Philadelphia. Office hours 8 to 10 A. M., 1 to 3—7 to 9 P. M. Letters containing a stamp will secure attention.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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S. DEXTER, 115 Nassau St., N. Y.
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JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
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ALL THE WORLD TAKE NOTICE,

THAT

THE GREATEST KNOWN REMEDY FOR

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Weak Breast, all Pulmonary Complaints,

SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
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A trial of many years has proved to the world that this remedy is more efficacious in curing all throat, breast and lung complaints than any hitherto known to mankind. It gives tone and strength to the stomach, and for the aged and debilitated it acts as a strengthening alterative. In Hemorrhage from the Lungs "Swayne's Wild Cherry" is the most safe and prompt style in use. In Phthisis, known by emaciation, debility, cough, hectic fever and purulent expectoration, it is, without exception, the best medicine extant, oftentimes curing the most obstinate cases, which had baffled every expedient of human skill. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. Sold by druggists and dealers.
nov7-3m

GRAY HAIR RESTORED WITHOUT DYEING.
Baldness Prevented.
Baldness Prevented.
London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.
London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.

ARRES combine firm, with about the usual business to note in Pots and Pearls.

This Restorative for the preservation of the human hair is taking the lead of all hair preparations; besides restoring the color and making the hair grow on bald heads, it is beautiful dressing, keeps the hair soft, smooth and flexible, removes any eruptive disease, itching, scurf, dandruff, &c. Many who are bald and gray have had their hair permanently restored. Only one application required. Sold in one size bottles, $1,00 per bottle. Sold, wholesale and retail, by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. nov7-3m

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
FURS.
THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK IN THE CITY,
AT
CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS,
CONTINENTAL HOTEL,
nov14-3m PHILADELPHIA.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. R. B. Loxley, Mr. VERNON T. MITCHELL, of Jersey Shore, Pa., to Miss MARY E. MILLER, of this city.

By the Rev. T. S. THOMAS, Mr. ALBERT MORRIS, to Miss KATE BROWN, both of this city.

On the 30th of Oct. by the Rev. H. E. Gilroy, Mr. CHARLES M. WILSON, to Miss JOSEPHINE C. daughter of Wm. L. Stuckney, Esq. both of this city.

On the 17th of Oct. by the Rev. A. Manship, ANDREW C. CRAMP, of this city, to Miss FANNY A. PENROSE, of Delaware.

On the 15th of Oct. by the Rev. George Van Deurs, Mr. GEORGE F. BATES, to Miss BELLA S. STILES, both of this city.

On the 27th of Oct. by the Rev. Wm. McCombe, Mr. WILLIAM R. HALLIDA, to Miss MARGARET E. WORL, both of this city.

On the 29th of Oct. by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, Mr. EDWARD H. SHALCROSS, to Miss EMMA E. MILLER, both of this city.

On the 25th of Oct., 1863, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. BENJAMIN HARMER, to Miss MARY HIRST, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Yankee Hill, California, on the 13th of September, CHARLES W. MULLER, in the 60th year of his age. Formerly of Burlington county, New Jersey.

On the 3d instant, CAROLINE DERBYSHIRE, daughter of the late John Derbyshire.

At Sunker Hill, Ills., Oct. 29th, Col. CHARLES R. ELLET, commanding 1st regt. Mississippi marine brigade, in his 31st year.

On the 4th instant, ELIZABETH L. wife of Gustavus English.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. SARAH GEYER, wife of the late John Geyer, Esq. in her 82d year.

On the 1st instant, JENNIE, wife of Washington Irving.

On the 3d instant, Mr. WILLIAM MCMACKIN, in his 65th year.

On the 2d instant, JOHN SHEDAKER, in his 41st year.

On the 2d instant, WILLIAM R. FISHER, in his 27th year.

On the 1st instant, ROBERT DAVIS, in his 37th year.

On the 1st instant, CATHARINE, wife of the late John Anderson, aged 77 years.

On the 31st of Oct. Mr. SOLOMON FRIES, in his 92d year.

J. B. DUNHAM'S
and
RAVEN & BACON'S
CELEBRATED PIANOS,
For sale by A. B. REICHENBACH,
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SOMETHING TO DO.—"PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE." Good Books, ready sales, and good profits. Agents wanted. Address, with stamp,
FOWLER AND WELLS,
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Cider Can be Kept Sweet for Years by Using
SULPHITE OF LIME.
A package, with full directions, costing but 50 cents being sufficient for one barrel of Cider. It is a perfectly harmless preparation, and does not give any taste to the Cider.
For sale by
WRIGHT & SIDDALL,
Wholesale Druggists and Chemists,
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GOLD! GOLD!—Full instructions in Venetian Triloquism and how to win the undying love of the opposite sex, sent by mail to any person for 5 cts. Address
J. F. JAGGERS,
1t Calhoun, Illinois.

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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
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BROKERS
STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.
7.3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.
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DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points. may5-1y

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New Method for the Pianoforte.
Universally acknowledged to be the best, and recommended by leading Pianists and Teachers as without an equal. Thousands of copies have been distributed from Maine to California, and yet the demand is unabated—a most decided proof of its merits, and a very strong evidence that no other book for the Pianoforte can be obtained that suits the public want as well. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of its price, THOMAS DILLARD.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
nov14tf Boston.

FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.
The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.
This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most intelligent and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation now in the household effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened thereby, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your HORSES, CATTLE and HOGS in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their System to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is far more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared only by
WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1863.
WM. RALTSON,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market. HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Veterany Surgeon for the United States Government.

For sale by all Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per package.
Agents—D. S. BARNES & Co.,
202 Broadway, New York.
DYOTT & Co.,
232 N. 2d St., Philadelphia.
jy11-6m

DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA
FOR THE HAIR.

SOMETHING FOR EVERY LADY AND GENTLEMAN.

AMBROSIA is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or turning prematurely gray, causes it to grow thick and long. Beware of imitations. None genuine but Dr. Sterling's.

READ AND SEE
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WHAT DR. H. H. STERLING'S
WHAT DR. H. H. STERLING'S
WHAT DR. H. H. STERLING'S
AMBROSIA WILL DO
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AMBROSIA WILL DO
IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.
IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.
IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that about 18 months ago, I commenced using STERLING'S AMBROSIA. My hair was short, thin, and rapidly falling off. I had tried many Hair Tonics, Invigorators, &c., without receiving any benefit. Soon after using the Ambrosia, my hair ceased falling out, and commenced growing so rapidly as to astonish me. Now my hair is thick, soft and glossy, and is five feet and four inches in length—when let down reaching to the floor. This wonderful result I attribute solely to the use of STERLING'S AMBROSIA, as since I have commenced using it I have applied nothing else to my hair. MRS. LUCY A. BROWN,
St. Nicholas Hotel.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
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NONE GENUINE but DR. H. H. STERLING'S.
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Dr. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor.
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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—MY ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

NEW YORK, November, 1863.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with valuable improvements at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, WITH
Full Case, Polished Rosewood, $125,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood, 120,00
Half Case, Panzied, Black Walnut, 70,00
Plain Table, 65,00

No. 2 MACHINE, PLAIN, with
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany, $65,00
Half Case, Panzied, 60,00
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(The number 2, plain table, (worth $65) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM FOR THE POST—*see Prospectus*. We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.)

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SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,
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The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Professional Life Hours, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (36 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

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DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT—A certain cure for pains in Limbs and Back, Sore Throats, Croup, Rheumatism, Colic, &c., &c. A perfect family medicine, and never fails. Read! Read!! Read!!!

LIVONIA, WAYNE CO., MICH., June 16, 1859.

This is to certify that my wife was taken with Quinsey Sore Throat; it commenced to swell, and was so sore that she could not swallow, and coughed violently. I used your Liniment, and made a perfect cure in one week. I firmly believe that but for the Liniment she would have lost her life.
JOHN H. HARLAN.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.
sep17-6ow3t

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DEAFNESS, EYE AND EAR, THROAT DISEASES, CATARRH—The above maladies treated with the utmost success by
DR. VON MOSCHZISKER,
Oculist and Aurist, graduate of Vienna,
Office, 1027 Walnut Steet, Philadelphia,
where can be examined hundreds of testimonials from the very best known men in the country, among which are several from old and responsible citizens of Philadelphia, who can be personally referred to. oct1-6m

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW
Man and Woman inside and out—what draws the sexes together—what the cause of disease, of social unhappiness and matrimonial infelicity, read revised and enlarged edition of MEDICAL COMMON SENSE, a curious book for curious people, and a good book for every one. Contents-table sent free by mail everywhere.
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NOT ALCOHOLIC.
A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED VEGETABLE PREPARATION.
A PURE TONIC.
DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON,
AND MANUFACTURED AT THE
GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 631 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
And will positively RESTORE Patient Persons, Families and Invalids to
PERFECT HEALTH,
If they do, see HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
FROM REV. A. NEWTON, EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN CHRONICLE.
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 30, 1861.
DR. JACKSON—Dear Sir:—I consider it my duty to make public my testimony in favor of your German Bitters, prepared by you at the German Medicine Store. I was prostrated by a severe attack of bilious fever, and reduced to the verge of the grave. Having used your Bitters, I was restored to health, and am now able to perform the labors of my profession. I have also used your Bitters in my family, and find them to be a most excellent remedy for Dyspepsia and Debility. I cheerfully recommend them to the afflicted, as I believe they will restore them to health.
Yours, truly, A. NEWTON.
FROM REV. JOHN G. BRIGHAM, Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Kensington.
PHILADELPHIA, June 23, 1861.
DR. JACKSON—Dear Sir:—I have been frequently solicited to recommend my name with certificates of different kinds for medicines which I have used, but as one of my professional duties, I have in all cases declined. But as I have used your German Bitters in my family, and have derived benefit from their use, I feel it my duty to say that I believe them to be a valuable tonic, and will be found beneficial in cases of debility. The use of three bottles of your Bitters, I am satisfied, will do more for a person laboring under a disordered system, and reduced in a degree of debility and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, than all the medicine I had taken during that time. Yours, truly, JOHN G. BRIGHAM.
FROM REV. J. REYNARD, PASTOR OF THE SPRUCE STREET M. E. CHURCH.
PHILADELPHIA, March 26, 1862

Wit and Humor.

NOTHING PER-MA-NENT.

The Knickerbocker Magazine is responsible for the following:—

One pleasant Sunday, in Glasgow, a stalwart Highlandman entered a drug store, or apothecary's shop, and said:

"Have ye ony spirits or alcohol? The shops are closed, and I canna get a cauigh o' Glenlivat or Islap. I'm thirsty. Canna ye gie me a wee drap o' somethin' warming?"

It really seemed a hard case, and the good-hearted apothecary helped him to what he supposed to be an uncommonly stiff horn of pure spirits of alcohol.

The man who drank it off gave one wild look, then spread his two hands suddenly over the abdominal portion of his person, and immediately vacated the premises.

The apothecary was startled. What was the matter? He took down the vessel from which he had poured the devouring fluid, and found he had given the man in mistake a bumper of aquafortis! He was half frightened to death. The man had left his hat behind him, and the apothecary, bareheaded, rushed out with it in his hand, his hair flying in the wind, and made hot pursuit after the fugitive; but he was hopelessly gone.

What a life the poor fellow lived for three months! He was afraid to open the daily newspapers, lest he should see recorded the mysterious and melancholy death of his victim in the public streets. At length, however, his fears died away. Nothing was heard of the missing sufferer until about six months from the event, when one Sunday morning, who should walk in but the individual himself!

"Have you got," said he to the astonished apothecary, "any more of that liquor you sold me the last time I was here? If you have, give me a horn. I never tasted anything like it. It went right to the spot. Why, it lasted a fortnight! No reduction about that fluid?"

But the apothecary contented himself this time by giving his returned customer a glass of pure spirits, and his old hat which he had left the time before.

A MODEL RAILROAD.

The *Dubuque Times* tells the following of the Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad;—we advise the Philadelphia and Germantown road to take care, or its reputation as the poorest managed road in the United States will be lost forever. The *Times* says:—

On the Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad, travellers and employers have the gayest possible times. The train is only about two hours making the first nine miles.

The other day, just this side of Peosta, a boy ran alongside the cars for nearly half a mile, yelling "Mr. Cawley! Mr. Cawley!" at the top of his voice. At length the conductor heard him, and asked him what was the matter.

"Why," said the boy, "father's big bull has just jumped on the hind car."

Cy. ran back, and sure enough, on the platform of the hind car stood a big bovine leisurely chewing his cud, and contentedly enjoying a view of the country from his elevated position. The conductor had the brakes whistled down, and the noble critter was helped off. He had been seen standing on the side of the track several days, and had probably deliberately come to the conclusion that he could wait till the train passed, and then catch up to it, jump on the hind car, and take a free ride. He tried it and won. Since then the conductor has placed a cow-catcher at the rear end of his train, and has had no more trouble with animals on his hind car.

The Dubuque and Sioux City is a great road for *time*. You can ride *longer* on it, than on any other road in the country for the same amount of fare.

GRUMBLING VERSUS GRUB.—A well known restaurant keeper named Brown, died in New York, recently, aged 74. He was extensively acquainted, and very popular, and it is related that, on one occasion, during a disturbance in the Park theatre, which several citizens had attempted to quell by addressing the audience, the manager spied Mr. Brown, and knowing his popularity, requested him to endeavor to allay the excitement. Mr. Brown consented, and stepping before the curtain exclaimed,—"Gentlemen, what do you wish?" and before he could proceed, some one in the pit sung out, "Roast beef, plenty of gravy," "plum pudding, both sances," "ham and eggs." The cry was taken up by one and another, until a demand had been made for nearly every article on Mr. Brown's bill of fare. The audience shouted and roared with laughter, and finally regaining their good humor, Mr. Brown retired amid storms of applause, and the performance proceeded without further interruption.

☞ A leading maxim with almost every politician is always to keep his countenance, and never to keep his word.

☞ Generally speaking, the beggars most ashamed of begging are those who have to lay pardon.

☞ "Too big for his business," as the lady said to the sweep who stuck in the chimney.

MONSIEUR'S JOKE.—Joe, as it is pretty well known, was once at a dinner party placed between a haunch of venison and requested to carve it.

"Really, gentlemen," said he, "I do declare I know very little about table anatomy; I dare say now there is some particular cut in a haunch—some favorite *bon morceau*—I dare say there is—but I assure you I am quite ignorant where to pick for it."

A dozen knives instantly started from the cloth, and Maudon was instructed where the rich meat lay. Joe uttered a long string of thanks, worked out a prime slice, loaded it with sauce and jelly, and then, with the plate in his hand, looked through his glasses round the table. Every hand was ready, and every mouth prepared.

"Really, gentlemen," said the comedian, "I wish I could please you: but if I give the tit-bit to one, I shall offend the rest; so egad," added he, "I'll keep it myself, and let every gentleman help himself to what he likes best."

A BAD PLACE TO PAUSE.—Cooke, once performing in a country town, became indebted to a tailor for a suit of clothes. Shears offered to give him a receipt in full if he would allow him to play Catesby to his Richard. Cooke assented. In the tent scene, Richard started from his knees, and shouted, "Who's there?" Shears rushed on, determined to make a hit, but Cooke looked so fiercely, that Shears was frightened, and stammering out the beginning of his answer, unfortunately, in the middle, "'Tis I, my lord; the early village cock," the audience was in a roar. Cooke surveyed the speechless offender for some time, as if enjoying his agony, and then growled out in an audible tone, "Why, in the name of mischief, don't you crow, then?"

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Let not soft slumber close my eyes,
Ere I have recollected thrice
The train of actions through the day.
Where have my feet marked out their way?
What have I learnt where'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
What know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duties have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?
These *self*-inquiries are the road
That lead to wisdom and to God!

Revelations of the Microscope.

Brush a little of the fuzz from the wing of a dead butterfly, and let it fall upon a piece of glass. It will be seen on the glass as a fine golden dust. Slide the glass under a microscope, and each particle of the dust will reveal itself as a perfect symmetrical feather.

Give your arm a slight prick, so as to draw a small drop of blood; mix the blood with a drop of vinegar and water, and place it upon the glass slide under the microscope. You will discover that the red matter of the blood is formed of innumerable globules or disks, which, though so small as to be separately invisible to the naked eye, appear under the microscope each larger than the letter of this print.

Take a drop of water from a stagnant pool, or ditch, or sluggish brook, dipping it from among the green, vegetable matter on the surface. On holding the water to the light it will look a little milky; but on placing the smallest drop under the microscope, you will find it swarming with hundreds of strange animals that are swimming about in it with the greatest vivacity. These animalcules exist in such multitudes that any effort to conceive of their numbers bewilders the imagination.

This invisible universe of created beings is the most wonderful of all the revelations of the microscope. During the whole of a man's existence on the earth, while he has been fighting, taming and studying the lower animals which were visible to his sight, he has been surrounded by these other multitudes of the earth's inhabitants without any suspicion of their existence! In endless variety of form and structure, they are bustling through their active lives—pursuing their prey—defending their persons—waging their wars—prosecuting their amours—multiplying their species—and ending their careers; countless hosts at each tick of the clock passing out of existence, and making way for new hosts that are following in endless succession. What other field of creation may yet, by some inconceivable methods, be revealed to our knowledge?

PHILOSOPHY OF A HEARTY LAUGH.—No other exercise is equal to laughing. Nothing acts so directly and happily upon the organs within both chest and abdomen. Ten hearty laughs, real shouts, will do more to advance the general health and vitality than an hour spent in the best attitudes and motions, if done in a sober, solemn spirit. Of course I know you cannot laugh at will; so you must play with the dog, play with your children, introduce a hundred games which involve competition and fun. Open the folding doors, move back the centre-table, and go it. Play with the bags, run for the pins, play any of the games which you can recall from your early experience. One good laugh is worth more than medicine to restore health.—*The Key.*

KINDLY MEANT—PERHAPS.

ARTIST (to Friend.)—"Well, and how do I get on with the doublet? Is it more like leather?"

CONSCIENTIOUS FRIEND.—"Why, no; I can't say it is—but (apologetically) you've got the face very like leather."

VULGAR PEOPLE.

Vulgar people go through life, unintentionally and ignorantly sticking pins into more sensitive natures at every turn. You, my friend, accidentally meet an old school-companion. You think him a low looking fellow as could well be seen. But you say to him kindly that you are happy to see him looking so well. He replies to you, with a confounded candor, "I cannot say that of you; you are looking very old and careworn." The boor did not mean to say anything disagreeable. It was pure want of discernment. It was simply that he is not a gentleman, and never can now be made one. "Your daughter, poor thing, is getting hardly any partners," said a vulgar rich woman to an old lady in a ball-room; "it is really very bad of the young men." The vulgar rich woman fancied she was making a kind and sympathetic remark. It is to be recorded that sometimes such remarks have their origin not in ignorance, but in intentional malignity. Mr. Snarling, of this neighborhood, deals in such. "I am sorry to hear about that animal proving such a bad bargain. I was sure the dealer would cheat you." "It was very sad indeed," says Mr. Snarling, "that you could not get that parish which you wanted." He shakes his head, and kindly adds, "especially as you were anxious to get it."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

☞ He who reforms himself has done more towards reforming the public than a crowd of noisy patriots.

☞ A poor fellow who pawned his watch says that he raised money with a lever.

Agricultural.

IMPROVEMENT OF HORSE STOCK.

The horses of this country, good as they unquestionably are by comparison, may yet be generally improved, especially for riding purposes—the best class of horses for which, indeed, is almost to be created in many of the states. This improvement is only to be reached by a strong infusion of blood into the production of the produce of the best brood-mares of the general stock, through crosses with thorough-bred stallions; and when attained, it can only be rendered permanent by the frequent employment of the thorough-bred stallion of high type and running family.

We need not spend much time in offering proof of the first proposition. It is plain that the rage for harness-horses has operated so largely and so long in discouragement of the production of the saddle-horse, that the breeders in many of our great agricultural states are now without the means to furnish a moderate supply of even moderately good riding-horses, whatever the demand may be. As for the firstrate saddle-horse, the animal possessing blood as well as bone, with fine action, speed and strength, of a quality equal to that of the good English and Irish hunters, we have none such, except in rare instances, which merely prove the general rule.

Horses of the stamp of those which carry men of one hundred and sixty eight pounds weight, across country after hounds, at a rattling pace, do not exist in this country as a class. The want of them demands the improvement we are now advocating in the general horse-stock of the states. Such animals, being the produce of thorough-bred stallions and mares of considerable breeding themselves, are, of all others, the best calculated for riding purposes, whether in the pleasures of park and parade, the journey on the road, or in the military service of the commonwealth in time of war.

It follows that their production in a country like ours is a matter of national concern. For good, fast service and docility of temper, our harness-horses probably surpass those of any other land; and with our vast, fertile country, our ample resources in other respects, the experience we have inherited from the most successful breeders and trainers the world has ever seen, and with the ability and enterprise our people have manifested in the prosecution of kindred pursuits, we can see no reason why we should not soon equal, and in time surpass our island progenitors in the production of the riding horse. At the same time, the harness-horse himself may be still further improved by an infusion of good blood to supply the bottom, not always found in large measure with great trotting speed.

We come now to the second proposition. Reason and experience combine to teach that the improvement of the horse in general, and the production of a fine stamp of riding and cavalry horses, can only be had by combining the best blood with that of our best brood mares of inferior strain. The thorough-bred horse is distinguished for greater speed, greater endurance, more courage, and more beauty than any other family of his kin on the face of the globe. All these qualities are largely demanded in the composition of a fine riding-horse, and experience has shown that only a slight dash of a heavier and slower breed is required to give the bone and strength, which, penetrated by the fiery spirit and indomitable will of the blood-horse, make a steed a master of difficulties and up to weight. If we neglect to seek these grand qualities in their indigenous fountain, the thorough-bred horse, we shall never succeed in raising the first-rate riding-horse in any numbers. This is the experience of the English, whose saddle-horses surpass those of all other nations, simply because they have a large share of good blood through their dams, and are almost always got by thorough-bred stallions.

There is, however, a common notion, that having once attained a desirable standard of breeding for saddle and cavalry horses, we may discard the thorough-bred stallion, and rely upon the former to re-produce itself. This is the rock upon which some breeders have already split, and towards which ignorance and prejudice will want our legislators to steer, as for a haven of rest. The half-bred horse, which is the name for all those half and more than half, but not quite thorough-bred, cannot be maintained at any given pitch of breeding by the union of mares and stallions of that stamp. The valuable properties of the blood cross rapidly disappear when not fortified and sustained by further infusions of thorough-blood, and the produce is soon no better than that of the ignoble branch from which it descended. It is, indeed, sometimes worse; for animals bred after this fashion, are apt to inherit the vices and infirmities of the blood-horse, unredeemed by any of his virtues. It is not the way to raise fine horses, any more than to found great nations.

The pilgrims who land at Plymouth Rock, and the adventurers who came ashore at James River, must be reinforced from time to time with other streams of "thorough-bred blood," or the savages will surely overwhelm them. It follows that the services of the blood-horse cannot be used for a period and then dispensed with. They are not only requisite in the first production of fine, well-bred horses, but it is essential to maintain the strain at its pitch of excellence, that their use should be continued and frequent. We must, then, have a constant and permanent supply of thorough-bred stallions—nothing else will do.—*Willet's Spirit.*

APPLES FOR MILCH COWS.

We know of nothing that will so effectually dry up the cows, as their having a chance to get a few apples every day. We understand a part of the operation, and a part we do not. That is, we do not know why apples should of themselves decrease the flow of milk, but we perfectly well understand that when cows or other cattle run where there are apple trees with fruit upon them—dropping off, or being beat off by wind or storm, they will eat scarcely half as much grass as they would if they had no apples. In fact, the apples eat the old milk into them, and, aside from taking away their appetite, they will run from one end of the pasture to the other in search of apples, and it is easy to see that between a poor appetite and racing about, animals would stand a right smart chance not only to decrease in milk, but in flesh also. That is about our experience. The only remedy we know of is either to cut down the trees that are in the pastures, or pick the apples very early.—*N. Y. Journal of Agriculture.*

We think the editor of the Journal has hit upon the true reason for the belief that apples reduce the quantity of milk when fed to milch cows. Our experience is that, when fed to cows in the barn, they increase the quantity of milk, but when the cows are permitted to help themselves to windfalls in the pasture or orchard, they will neglect to eat for the mere chance of getting an apple now and then, and the effect is much the same upon the appetite as that of a slice of pound-cake given to a child just before dinner.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.—First, look to the color; if it is white, with a yellowish, or straw-colored tint, buy it. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with white specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Third, throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests, it is safe to buy. These modes are given by old flour dealers, and they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody, namely, the staff of life.

MAKING LARD.—Cut the fat up into pieces about two inches square; fill a vessel holding about three gallons with the pieces; put in a pint of boiled lye, made from oak or hickory ashes, and strain before using; boil gently over a slow fire, until the cracklings have turned brown; strain and set aside to cool. By the above process you will get more lard, a better article, and whiter than by any other process.

THE HAIR.—As to men, we say, when the hair begins to fall out, the best plan is to have it cut short, give it a good brushing with a moderately hard brush while the hair is dry, then wash it well with warm soap-suds, and rub into the scalp, about the roots of the hair, a little bay rum, brandy, or camphor water. Do these things twice a month—the brushing of the scalp may be profitably done twice a week. Damp the hair with water every time the toilette is made. Nothing ever made is better for the hair than pure soft water, if the scalp is kept clean in the way we have named. The use of oils, or pomatums, or grease of any kind, is ruinous to the hair of man or woman. We consider it a filthy practice, almost universal though it be, for it gathers dust and dirt, and soils whatever it touches. Nothing but pure soft water should ever be allowed on the heads of our children. It is a different practice that robs our women of their most beautiful ornament long before their prime. The hair of our daughters should be kept within two inches until their twelfth year.

TO SWEETEN BUTTER FIRKINS.—Before packing butter in new firkins put them out of doors, in the vicinity of the well, fill them with water, and throw in a few handfuls of salt. Let them stand three or four days, and change the water once during that time. Butter firkins should be made of white oak, and this process effectually takes out the acid contained in that wood, and makes the firkin sweet. If the butter is well made and rightly packed, it will keep good all summer, even if the firkin be kept in store above ground. To cleanse old firkins in which butter has been packed and left exposed some time to the air, fill with sour milk, and leave standing twenty-four hours; then wash clean, and scald with brine. This makes them as good as new.

GRIDDLE CAKES.—To three pints of warm water add a dessert-spoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of good yeast, and stir in middlings (coarse flour) to the consistency of thick batter; let it stand over night, and if a little sour in the morning, add a little soda dissolved in warm water, and bake as you would any other pancakes. They are a nice healthy dish for breakfast.

The Riddler.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in fog, but not in mist.
My 2nd is in carroll, but not in list.
My 3rd is in grot, but not in cave.
My 4th is in bathe, but not in lave.
My 5th is in shore, but not in coast.
My 6th is in place, but not in post.
My 7th is in mist, but not in rain.
My 8th is in profit, but not in gain.
My 9th is in trod, but not in trapt.
My 10th is in angry, but not in kept.
My 11th is in beam, but not in fop.
My 12th is in skip, but not in hop.
My 13th is in rhyme, but not in song.
My 14th is in bench, but not in prong.
My 15th is in play, but not in sport.
My 16th is in castle, but not in fort.
My 17th is in curve, but not in bend.
My 18th is in borrow, but not in lend.
My 19th is in yelp, but not in bark.
My 20th is in token, but not in mark.
My 21st is in pure, but not in clear.
My 22nd is in strange, but not in queer.
My 23rd is in quote, but not in cite.
My 24th is in left, but not in right.
My 25th is in boot, but not in shoe.
My 26th is in soothe, but not in stew.
My 27th is in spike, but not in nail.
My 28th is in wan, but not in pale.
My 29th is in act, but not in deed.
My 30th is in yield, but not in cede.
My 31st is in life, but not in death.
My 32nd is in slave, but not in serf.
My 33rd is in corn, but not in wheat.
My 34th is in cold, but not in heat.
My 35th is in hat, but not in cap.
My 36th is in touch, but not in tap.
My 37th is in lumber, but not in wood.
My 38th is in bad, but not in good.
My 39th is in rear, but not in front.
My 40th is in chase, but not in hunt.
My 41st is in maid, but not in girl.
My 42nd is in fold, but not in furl.
My 43rd is in sun, but not in moon.
My 44th is in gift, but not in boon.
My 45th is in more, but not in less.
My 46th is in force, but not in stress.
My 47th is in straw, but not in hay.
My 48th is in night, but not in day.
My 49th is in fierce, but not in mild.
My 50th is in tame, but not in wild.
My 51st is in friend, but not in foe.
My 52nd is in come, but not in go.
My 53rd is in bride, but not in groom.
My 54th is in eve, but not in morn.
My 55th is in large, but not in small.
My 56th is in rise, but not in fall.
My 57th is in high, but not in low.
My 58th is in rank, but not in row.
My 59th is in lost, but not in found.
My 60th is in leap, but not in bound.
My 61st is in hate, but not in love.
My 62nd is in clan, but not in horde.
My 63rd is in loose, but not in tight.
My 64th is in wrong, but not in right.
My 65th is in yes, but not in no.
My 66th is in fro, but not in to.
My 67th is in first, but not in last.
My 68th is in helmet, but not in casque.

My whole was a woe, pronounced upon the Chaldeans for coveting an evil covetousness to their houses. ANDROS.

Mount Carroll, Ill.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In running a sulky from C to D, it was found that a tire nail (which was touching the ground at the time of starting,) passed through a distance of 12 miles. The wheels of the sulky are 5 feet high. What is the distance from C to D?

RUEBEN BARTO.

Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What throat is best for a singer to reach high notes with? Ans.—Sore throat.

☞ What is everybody doing at the same time? Ans.—Growing older.

☞ Why is a minister like a locomotive? Ans.—We have to look out for him when the bell rings.

☞ What did Lot do when his wife turned to salt? Ans.—He got a fresh one.

☞ Which is the most charitable of animals? Ans.—The skunk—he gives everybody he meets a (s) cent.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—John G. Whittier. ENIGMA—Deacon and Peterson. GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS—Elmira, Easton, (Erie, Lima, Memphis, Idstedt, Roveredo, Aberdeen.)

Answer to PROBLEM by Augustus, published September 26th—Depth of vessel 5.9280 in., diameter at top 11.8578 in.—Artemas Martin. Vessel holds 436¼ cubic in.—Morgan Stevens. 436.47 cubic in.—Reuben Barto. 436.5.—Gill Bates.

Answer to PROBLEM by Daniel Diefenbach, published Oct. 3rd—1.085 in.—Gill Bates, R. Barto, E. Hagerty, Artemas Martin.

Answer to PROBLEM by Andros, published Oct. 3rd.—752.67 feet.—Gill Bates, E. Hagerty, Reuben Barto.

Answer to my PROBABILITY QUESTION published Oct. 3rd.—0.70264—A Martin. The probability of crossing is to that of not crossing as 70264 to 29736, or as 26 to 11 nearly.—E. Hagerty.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Our stock of Enigmas, Charades, &c., is nearly exhausted. Those fond of solving them must send us some.—*Ed. Riddler.*